

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

No. 1,018, Vol. 39.

May 1, 1875.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE BARODA PROCLAMATION.

THE acts of the Indian Government ought to be judged in England with the utmost caution, and with a constant recognition that those on the spot, acting under the guidance of the Secretary of State, are likely to judge better of what is to be done, because they are much better informed, than outsiders can judge at home with access to none but the usual sources of information. The Indian Civil Service comprises a body of men who have few rivals in zeal, intelligence, and devotion to public interests. The Viceroys of recent times have been singularly well chosen, and of Lord NORTHBROOK it may be confidently said that he has displayed, under many circumstances of difficulty, temper, judgment, and firmness. The Secretaries of State have been for some years among the ablest members of the Cabinets to which they have belonged. They have never suffered Indian affairs to enter into the sphere of party politics, and they have, to say the very least, taken immense pains to be right. Therefore, when the Indian Government seems to make a blunder, and a blunder of a very serious kind, it is not to be too hastily assumed that the blunder has really been made. It is impossible to deny that the Proclamation of the VICEROY with regard to the Gaikwar of BARODA seems open to a very patent objection. But we have at present only a telegraphic summary of its contents, and the objection that suggests itself may possibly be removed when the text of the document is published. The objection is that, whereas the GAIKWAR was at the time of the Proclamation in a state of probation, and was to hold his office till the end of the present year, in order that a fair opportunity might be given him of showing that he would reform his Administration, he has now been summarily deposed, and he and his issue excluded for ever from the dignity of Gaikwar, and yet no new crime nor any new act showing him to be unable or unwilling to govern better for the future has been alleged against him. He was accused of poisoning Colonel PHAYRE, but the Commissioners appointed to examine into the truth of the charge did not agree in their opinion, and consequently Lord NORTHBROOK expressly says that the decision to depose the GAIKWAR is not based on the Report of the Commission, and that no assumption of the guilt of the GAIKWAR has been made. Why then should he be deposed? The telegraphic summary of the Proclamation gives no clue whatever to the answer. Apart from the alleged crime of poisoning Colonel PHAYRE, the GAIKWAR is not stated to have done anything wrong since he had been put on his probation. There might, indeed, have been portions of the evidence furnished to the Commission which, although not justifying Lord NORTHBROOK in concluding that the GAIKWAR had been guilty of an attempt at assassination, showed that the state of things under his rule was worse than had previously been known, and that, therefore, the lenient decision at which Lord NORTHBROOK had arrived in allowing a term of probation must be reversed. But if this is the reason why an immediate deposition was resolved on, the Proclamation would naturally, it might be supposed, have noticed it. Lord NORTHBROOK does not assign any reason for treating the GAIKWAR with sudden severity, and the effect of this is to make it seem as if it had been found very troublesome to know what to do with the GAIKWAR after he had been accused of a grave crime, and those charged with examining into the truth of the accusation had not been able to agree as to his guilt, and that the shortest and simplest plan had seemed to be to get rid of him once for all.

Lord NORTHBROOK was not in any way bound to attend

to the divergent opinions of the Commissioners. He had to receive a Report and act upon it. It so happened that the three native Commissioners did not agree with the three English Commissioners; and Lord NORTHBROOK had to say which set was right. The native Commissioners may be supposed to understand the character and demeanour of Indian witnesses better than Englishmen can do; but then English Commissioners have an immense superiority in regard to the power of testing the value of evidence, of judging of its relevancy, and of understanding how much importance is to be attached to the suggestions of counsel. How far the native Commissioners may have been influenced by Serjeant BALLANTINE'S cross-examination it is impossible to say. But it requires considerable acquaintance with the procedure of English tribunals to take cross-examinations at their real worth. In England there is the Judge to sum up, and he points out what part of the evidence has remained unshaken, what suggestions of the cross-examiner are mere unsupported fancies, and what side issues have been raised in order to screen a real issue too dangerous to be left in broad daylight. The misfortune was that the proceedings before the Commissioners looked like a trial, and were not a trial; for, if it had been a trial that had been taking place, there would have been a trained Judge to guide those entrusted to form an opinion. But this was a misfortune merely because the real nature of the proceedings was hard to understand, and because the eminent natives who were asked to take part in the Commission, and the native population generally, might not much like the correct theory of their functions, which was that of making a report, the value of which must be diminished by their want of English forensic experience. Mr. FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN has published a most lucid and instructive summary of the reasons which induce him to think that the guilt of the GAIKWAR was established by the evidence; and if Lord NORTHBROOK had formed the same opinion, had avowed it, and acted on it, he would have been doing quite right. Whether the advantage or the disadvantage of having had native Commissioners would then have been greater, may be disputed. The advantage would have been that eminent natives would have had an opportunity of bringing their views to bear on the formation of the VICEROY'S decision. The disadvantage would have been that their views would have been found not to have prevailed with him. But at any rate he was the judge, and he might have pronounced a judicial decision the soundness of which would have been beyond criticism. Unfortunately, if the terms of the Proclamation have been correctly transmitted, it looks as if Lord NORTHBROOK had formed an opinion to the effect that the GAIKWAR was guilty, and had acted on this opinion, and deposed the GAIKWAR for being guilty; but, out of politeness to the native Commissioners, had affected not to have arrived at any opinion at all as to the GAIKWAR'S guilt, and to be deposing him merely because he chose to depose him.

That, in one sense, substantial justice has been done is no doubt true. That the GAIKWAR was not fit to rule was true at the date of the Proclamation, and it was equally true last year when Lord NORTHBROOK left him to rule for a fixed period of probation. But it is very unpleasant, when speaking of the Indian Government, to have to fall back upon its doing substantial justice. It ought not only to arrive at a right end, but to arrive at it by defensible and intelligible means. Why this is important, both as regards the Indian public, that it may acquiesce as under a rule of right-doing, and as regards the English public, that it may retain the unimpaired confidence in its statesmen which

prevents its interfering in Indian administration, it cannot be necessary to set forth in detail. Lord NORTHBROOK's mode of arriving at substantial justice does not seem to have that character of simplicity, frankness, and directness which ought to mark the acts of a Viceroy. Nor is to be concealed that this Baroda investigation and its results reveal to us one of the greatest difficulties which we have to face in governing India. We do not like to exclude natives, and especially natives of character and position, from helping us to govern; but we cannot make up our minds what real assistance they can be supposed to give us. Are they fit to exercise anything like judicial functions? To avoid saying that they are not, three eminent natives were placed on the Baroda Commission, and their presence was intended to mark their impartiality, and our confidence in their capacity and integrity. But, as it happened, the evidence which seemed conclusive to three Englishmen seemed inconclusive to them. The Englishmen selected were chosen because they seemed to Lord NORTHBROOK as likely to form a correct judgment as any that could be found. Either they were wrong in their conclusions or they were right. If they were wrong, it is difficult to see why we should believe that Englishmen, as a rule, administer what really is justice in India. If they were right, their native colleagues must have erred either because they were incapable of appreciating the bearing of evidence, or because they were, however unconsciously, biased by a tenderness for a native Prince. So far as the summary of the Proclamation enables us to judge, Lord NORTHBROOK thought the native Commissioners were wrong. He did not say so, but he acted as if they were wrong. Whether this was a wise mode of at once sparing their feelings and yet of doing substantial justice must be left to the decision of those whose practical experience enables them to appreciate what the feelings of eminent natives are really likely to be. But the result remains; when we want to arrive at substantial justice we may have often to deprive ourselves of the assistance of natives, or to show that, if it is given, we do not put a very high estimate on its value.

#### STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. BIGGAR'S disregard of courtesy, good feeling, and common sense served as an occasion for proving that obsolete Standing Orders can be rendered comparatively innocuous by evasion. The House of Commons seemed to be helplessly confined by the bonds which it has imposed on itself, until Mr. DISRAELI quietly untied the formidable knot. Standing Orders must be implicitly obeyed; but their servants are also their masters. A suspended Standing Order ceased to be operative for a single night; and it would be equally easy to suspend it for a week, for a month, or for the remainder of the Session. Mr. BIGGAR will do well to rest on his laurels, for he has probably reached the summit of his career. Last week he talked and read extracts in an inaudible voice for nearly four hours, with no perceptible object except to annoy his colleagues in the House. Mr. SULLIVAN has the merit of having suggested to Mr. BIGGAR his second and crowning achievement. Although he had himself sufficient good taste to abstain from carrying his threat into execution, Mr. SULLIVAN was the original author of the vexatious experiment. Mr. BIGGAR had the good fortune to turn out of the House not only the reporters, but the PRINCE OF WALES and the German Ambassador, and the opportunity will not soon recur. One of his friends asserted that he had not been aware of the PRINCE's presence, but the opportunity of a transcendent act of rudeness would probably have been heartily welcomed. It is satisfactory to hear from another supporter of Home Rule that in his opinion a member should be a gentleman first and a patriot afterwards. If the House of Commons at any future time ceases to acknowledge the restraints of good breeding, the Speaker of the day will find it difficult to maintain discipline and order. Mr. BIGGAR explained his conduct by the wild statement that he had acted in the interests of the press. He probably intended, as far as his words had any meaning, to suggest that his misuse of a Standing Order might possibly lead to a surrender of privilege.

Unless Mr. SULLIVAN should renew his threat, or Mr. BIGGAR his outrage, there is no need to revise the Standing Orders in a hurry. An evil which has been endured for

an indefinite time may certainly be tolerated for a few weeks longer, or even to the end of the present Session. There is no difference of opinion as to the necessity, or rather the convenience, of a change. It is absurd that reporters who are allowed to be present at a debate of the House, or at the sitting of a Committee, should be even conventionally regarded as having committed an offence in the regular discharge of their proper function. When it was lately proposed to summon the printers of two papers to the bar of the House, it was well known that their reporters had, with the assent of the Foreign Loans Committee, merely given an accurate account of the proceedings. Mr. LEWIS, who complained of a breach of privilege, really intended to find fault with the conduct of the Committee. In that instance the House withdrew in time from the false step which had been taken; and the subsequent debates, whatever might be their opportuneness or utility, had the merit of dealing with the question in dispute. Mr. DISRAELI's motion for a special Report from the Committee may have been open to objection; but it avoided the whole subject of breach of privilege. It is not easy to understand why Mr. SULLIVAN should have afterwards determined or threatened to punish the House for the awkwardness which might possibly have arisen if Mr. LEWIS's motion had not been rescinded. The argument which is known as a *reductio ad absurdum* is liable to the objection that it chiefly proves the mischief and nonsense of extremes. Almost any kind of practical course exaggerated and misapplied by fools becomes objectionable; but the experiment can only be tried by those who either satisfy the definition, or are content to be foolish on the particular occasion. No general rule of life can be devised which will exactly fit all possible cases. The melancholy ambition of showing that the spirit may be perverted in conformity with the letter is easily gratified.

The power of a single member to exclude strangers, and consequently to prevent the debates from being recorded, does no harm, except when some selfish or injudicious person abuses his privilege at the expense both of the House of Commons and the country. Mr. SULLIVAN proposed to give a practical proof that it was possible to disregard courtesy and common sense; and the experiment, when it was afterwards tried, supported his conclusion. The same form of annoyance has been employed on two or three occasions within living memory, though never with so little reason or pretext. When the whole question of privilege is reviewed, it will be expedient, in accordance with the Report of a former Select Committee, to take precautions against the caprice of eccentric and obstinate members. As the menace against the *Times* and *Daily News* had come to nothing, there was no excuse for exposing the House to grave inconvenience. The best course would be, as is proposed by the Marquess of HARTINGTON, to make the removal of strangers dependent on a vote of the House, to be taken immediately, on the proposal of any member, without debate or amendment. The project of transferring the power of exclusion to the Speaker would be in every respect anomalous, although he necessarily retains the right, under any circumstances, of expelling disorderly intruders. The habitual respect paid to the Speaker is in a great degree due to the limitation of his powers, which prevents him from deciding any question of substance. The expediency of excluding strangers is properly a subject of consideration for the House itself.

If there is no urgent need of hasty legislation, it may be said on the other hand that the evil against which the Standing Order provides a security is almost wholly imaginary. It may be perfectly right that both Houses of Parliament should reserve to themselves power to sit in secret; but they have never exercised their privilege in the course of the last half-century, except in one instance, when, a year or two since, strangers were excluded from the House of Commons during a debate on an unsavoury subject. The more delicate and difficult the question under consideration, the more necessary it is found that the language of Ministers and Parliamentary leaders should be accurately reported. There are conceivable cases in which secrecy might be desirable; but some members among so great a number would almost certainly violate it, with the result of spreading incomplete or erroneous reports. When strangers are spoken of in discussions on the privilege of Parliament, the term is almost always applied to reporters, who are indeed the representatives of the outside community. It would be a mistake to adopt the scheme which was lately erroneously



attributed to Lord HARTINGTON of distinguishing between reporters and unprofessional spectators. No new Standing Order is needed to prevent disorder or disturbance; and if a Parliamentary secret is to be kept, it is a strange mode of accomplishing the object to confide it to the newspapers. The reasons which have hitherto disinclined the House of Commons to alter the Standing Order have been the rarity of the practical enforcement of an inconvenient rule, and a wholesome jealousy of defining Parliamentary privilege. The House of Commons formerly invented, and claimed as the occasion arose, any privileges which seemed necessary for its protection. The same elastic capacity of defensive warfare still survives in theory. The ancient securities against the encroachments of the Crown may possibly be useful at some future time in repressing the turbulence of a mob. It is not desirable that the House of Commons should be so far subordinate to the press as to accord it special and inalienable rights; yet there could be no objection to an Order that a faithful report of a debate should not be regarded as a breach of privilege. The comments which are habitually published on speeches would have given greater offence to the Parliaments of the eighteenth century than the reports which were disguised by many ingenious contrivances. When the proposed alterations of the Standing Orders are adopted, it will be desirable to obtain, if possible, uniformity of action on the part of both Houses. It happens that in the House of Lords questions of privilege are seldom raised; nor has any peer proposed to exclude either the ladies who sometimes attend the debates or the reporters. Any precautions which may be devised to appease the jealousy of the Commons will probably be thought sufficient by the less sensitive House. The importance of the question has through accidental circumstances been much exaggerated; but it is right to remedy a constitutional or legal defect.

It is difficult to overrate the political evils which would result from the discontinuance of adequate reports of Parliamentary debates. The danger is not remote, for only one or two papers now supply tolerable reports, and the leading journal last year tried the experiment of curtailing the reports in such a manner as sometimes to render them unintelligible. It was then not unusual to find in the leading article of the *Times* comments on passages which were not to be found in the Parliamentary report. If the debates were no longer made public, the great bulk of the community would lose its only chance of hearing both sides of every question. Newspaper writers have many merits, but they necessarily advocate their own views, and their readers seldom consult the paper which might supply an answer. Supporters of unpopular opinions would be the severest sufferers. Even a losing cause has generally defenders in Parliament, but it may find no hearing elsewhere. The great popular authority of political leaders is mainly founded on their speeches, which, in the absence of reports, would be confined within the walls of Parliament. It is as well that an important element of the Constitution should cease to be a breach of privilege.

#### SCOTCH LEGISLATION.

ONE of the most curious features of the proceedings of Parliament is the mode in which legislation for Scotland is carried on. Scotch business is treated as a thing apart which Scotch members manage for themselves. The questions at issue are, as a general rule, small and local, but still the interference of Parliament is necessary to settle them. The Lord Advocate practically decides what shall be done, but he listens readily to the suggestions of those who are acquainted with the wants of the population, and carries the differences of political parties as little as possible into his decisions. Often the Scotch members hold a little caucus apart and discuss Bills or clauses of Bills that are coming before the House. The Lord Advocate listens to what they ultimately have to say to him, and accepts less formal suggestions made to him privately if he thinks proper. He is a kind of general agent for getting attention paid by Parliament to the wants of Scotland. Not unfrequently, however, Scotch members wish to draw attention to some question in which they are interested, and to raise discussion on it in Scotland. They bring in a Bill purporting to carry out their views, and then what they have to propose is debated by the Scotch members openly in the House, and the Scotch papers have thus an opportunity

of commenting on what is said. The object of bringing in the Bills is not to get them passed. It is to ascertain whether the substance of their enactments shall be considered to be put on the list of things with which the Lord Advocate is to deal. If he thinks that the want which they propose to meet is a real want, to meet which it is worth while to invoke the assistance of Parliament, he assents to the Second Reading of the Bill, and then its existence comes to an end. It has answered its purpose, and the Lord Advocate is charged with one little piece of work the more. If he thinks it more advisable to signify, openly and at once, that the proposal submitted to the House is in his opinion an unwise one, he objects to the Second Reading, and seldom objects in vain. The only weak point of the system is that the Lord Advocate cannot command much of the time of Parliament, and Scotch Bills are thus apt to hang over from year to year. What he does manage to effect is generally achieved almost at the close of the Session, when Bills which do not provoke much discussion or opposition are passed with surprising rapidity; and he has generally learnt beforehand what is thought of the clauses of each Bill by the Scotch members who happen to be interested in it, and has agreed to such changes and compromises as he may be willing to admit. Scotch legislation thus passes through two stages. In the middle of the Session there are one or more public discussions in order that it may be decided what suggestions the Lord Advocate shall be induced to take into his favourable consideration. Towards the close of the Session there is a sudden efflorescence of small Scotch Bills, the tenor, and often the clauses, of which have been settled outside the House. The general result is that Scotch business is got through in a way that suits the Scotch. They have a very mitigated, very harmless form of Home Rule. But then it is only possible that they should have it because the questions to be dealt with are small questions, really belonging to Scotland only, and involving no general principles. When a Scotch measure involves principles in which the nation generally is supposed to be interested, things go on in a very different way. The Scotch Home Rule system is at an end, and the Bill is treated as one of Imperial importance. It was, it may be remembered, a Bill dealing with patronage in the Scotch Kirk that first woke Mr. GLADSTONE into life after the torpor of his defeat, and brought him back to Westminster from his mountain retreat. There are not many people, perhaps, who would be stung into a salutary excitement by the provisions of a tiny Scotch ecclesiastical measure; but Mr. GLADSTONE is one of the few, and directly any one of acknowledged Parliamentary position says that a Scotch Bill is more than a Scotch Bill, this Bill is at once an exception, and receives a different treatment from that bestowed on the bulk of Scotch measures. It would be idle, therefore, to ask the Irish members to imitate the Scotch, and get through Irish business in the same quiet pleasant manner. The questions on which the Irish feel most strongly would inevitably be treated, not as purely Irish, but as Imperial questions.

Last Wednesday afternoon was given up to Scotch business. No less than four Bills were disposed of, and the result was that the LORD ADVOCATE took one into his favourable consideration. He disposed of another by saying that he had already a Bill in hand which would carry out its object. The Second Reading of the third he opposed, and it was thrown out by a large majority; but accidentally it had assumed a sort of Imperial character, and Scotch members only formed a small part of those who took part in the division. The sitting of the House came to an end before the discussion of the fourth was closed. The second and fourth Bills referred to matters so very local that it is unnecessary to comment on them. But the first Bill illustrated the advantage of having occasionally a public discussion on a subject which the Lord Advocate is willing to take up. It was a Bill brought in by Dr. CAMERON for altering and enlarging the sphere of criminal appeals, and he told the history of a very curious case which had stimulated him to bring in the measure. A journeyman joiner employed upon a new building, while taking his breakfast, which had been brought him by his wife, observed a woman within the hoarding handing pieces of wood to another woman outside. He expelled the intruder, and took from the woman outside all the wood she had got except three pieces which she refused to give up, which he had not seen her receive, and as to which he unfortunately could not argue with her, as he suffered from an impedi-

ment of speech which prevented him from uttering the forcible remarks to which, no doubt, he wished to give vent. He was arrested for taking part in the theft, and most foolishly pleaded guilty, intending to explain, but not being able to get the words out, that all he meant was that he owned that he had allowed the woman to retain the three pieces of wood. He was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment, but soon after his sentence the real facts became known, and he was released long before the thirty days had expired. It was then desired to appeal against the sentence, but it was found that only ten days were allowed in which to bring an appeal, and the ten days had gone by. The object of Dr. CAMERON'S Bill was to make the ten days date from the expiration of the sentence, and not from the time when judgment was pronounced, and also to enlarge the discretion of Courts of magistrates to review their judgments. The main advantage of the public discussion of Dr. CAMERON'S Bill was that it afforded an opportunity of re-establishing the character of the joiner in a manner more satisfactory to him than any appeal could ensure, and it was also useful because it started the general question whether appeals should be encouraged. In this particular case it could not be said that justice had not been duly administered; for if a prisoner chooses to plead guilty, the magistrates would naturally pronounce judgment against him, and a general law can hardly be expected to meet the nice case of a man who can just speak enough to plead guilty when he is innocent, and whose voice suddenly fails him when he wishes to explain what he means. As to the general danger of encouraging criminal appeals, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL was able to contribute the fruits of his Indian experience. He had seen how easily frivolous appeals were got up by unscrupulous attorneys, and he thought that the natural proneness of Scotchmen to appeal had better not be carried too far. That a poor Scotchman should have justice done him before the world, that a warning should be given to the public not to make general deductions from a particular case, and that this warning should be specially pointed to the Scotch public, were all in their way good things, and other members could share the views of the LORD ADVOCATE when he said that he had listened to the discussion with advantage.

The measure that failed to commend itself to the favourable attention of the LORD ADVOCATE touched on the great absorbing and national subject of drink. The Bill proposed to take away the appellate jurisdiction in licensing questions from the Quarter Sessions, and to give it to the Sheriffs and the Sheriffs' substitutes. At present borough magistrates give or refuse licences, but there is an appeal to the county magistrates in Quarter Sessions. Mr. ANDERSON, in moving the Second Reading of his Bill, openly avowed that he proposed to take away the jurisdiction of the Quarter Sessions because the county magistrates were not impartial, and he more especially stated that the magistrates of Lanarkshire, to whom the appeal lies from the magistrates of his own borough of Glasgow, were not impartial. They were, he said, canvassed, they were presented with railway tickets, and their bills at hotels were discharged for them by those who wished to bias their decision. Sir EDWARD COLEBROOK entirely denied that there was any foundation for the statement, and said, very properly, that if there were any magistrates against whom such things could be proved, their conduct ought to be brought to the notice of the HOME SECRETARY. It is, indeed, rather strange that magistrates should be corrupted in this way, for the proposal to take away the jurisdiction of the Quarter Sessions is supported by the publicans, so it must be the friends of temperance who thus hocus and bribe respectable country gentlemen. Mr. ANDERSON owned that the Sheriffs strongly disapproved of having duties thrust upon them which might lessen the confidence entertained by the public in their judicial impartiality, and mix up their names in the miserable squabbles of the Licensed Victuallers and their antagonists; but he said that, as it was in contemplation to raise the pay of Sheriffs, it could not be thought hard to force them to assume new duties, however disagreeable to them. That the Bill proposed to take away jurisdiction from men against whom mere vague charges of corrupt dealing were made, and proposed to confer it on men unsuited and unwilling to accept it, were certainly strong objections to the measure, and amply warranted the opposition of the Government. But this was not all. The Licensed Victuallers had taken it into their

heads to adopt the Bill as their own. The great beer interest ordered its nominees or submissive friends to vote for it. Sir WILFRID LAWSON called attention to the fact that a circular had been sent to members on the morning of the day of the debate, in which "the United Licensed Victuallers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland" had enjoined them to be in their places, and to vote for the Second Reading of the Bill. These persons, as Sir WILFRID LAWSON observed, could not address their own potboys in a more insolent manner than that in which they addressed members of the House of Commons. Sir WILFRID LAWSON is much oftener wrong than right in what he says, but he was unquestionably right in exposing and repelling as an insult such an attempt at dictation. The political action of public-house keepers is, in fact, becoming one of the nuisances of the day; and every exposure of its mischievous effects is valuable. The publicans are now always taking up some cause or other, and the causes they support are those which are calculated to find favour with the most ignorant and foolish part of the population. When a local question is to be decided as to which the friends and the enemies of improvement are at variance, we are sure to hear that the publicans have pronounced against improvement. When an unmeaning Association for some wild political purpose is formed, we are sure to hear that its head-quarters are the back parlour of some enterprising publican. If, however, it comes to publicans ordering members of the House of Commons to be in their places and to vote as the publicans direct, the mere exposure of so arrogant an attempt at dictation is the best remedy for the evil. There are few members of the House who would allow it to be supposed that they were really the patient victims of that vilest of all vulgar forms of tyranny.

#### M. GAMBETTA AT BELLEVILLE.

M. GAMBETTA'S speech at Belleville is a signal though undesigned tribute to the political foresight of the Left Centre. When M. THIERS first separated himself from the Constitutional Royalists, and declared that the Republic was the Government which divided Frenchmen least, it seemed to many Liberals that he had forgotten the lesson of 1848. France had never been so free as under the Monarchy of July. The Revolution which overthrew that Monarchy established nothing. It only made things ready for the Empire by which it was in its turn overthrown. It was but natural, therefore, that men who had seen the mischief done by the last essay towards Republicanism should think that the secret of good government lay with the Orleanists. They alone of French parties could safely appeal to history. They alone could show a record of actual work done as evidence of their willingness and capacity to renew the experiment of 1830 with results as good and more lasting. It is the distinguishing merit of M. THIERS and of those who followed him, that they were not deceived by this plausible reasoning. The Government which is abstractedly the best is not necessarily the Government that divides a nation least. The Government that most nearly answers to this description is the Government that provides the essentials of constitutional liberty in the form which least irritates popular fanaticism. Though these essentials may be more easily secured under a Monarchy than under a Republic, it is admitted that they may conceivably be secured under either. But the partisans of limited Monarchy do not claim divine origin for their favourite institution, whereas the partisans of a Republic do claim for theirs an authority which is tantamount to divine right. Consequently there is much more hope of bringing Orleanists to submit to a Constitutional Republic than there is of bringing Republicans to submit to a Constitutional Monarchy. The former hold that the indispensable substance of good government resides in more than one form; whereas the latter have persuaded themselves that this indispensable substance is never found severed from the Republic. It is exceedingly improbable that, if the Right Centre had succeeded in their design of re-establishing the Monarchy, M. GAMBETTA would last week have been found urging his constituents to give the new Constitution a fair trial. It is far more likely that he would have been denouncing it by letter from London or Brussels. And if it is conceivable that he might have persuaded himself to acquiesce in the new order of things,



it is impossible to imagine him making such a speech as that he made the other day and carrying his hearers completely along with him. Belleville may be induced to accept a Second Chamber returned by indirect election, and a President chosen by the Chambers instead of by the people; but it only does so by way of consideration for the retention of Republican forms. If it had been forced to surrender those, it would have ceased to take any interest in public affairs, and would merely have bided its time to replace the Monarchy by a Government more to its mind. No doubt this readiness to accept or reject institutions, not for what they are, but for what they are called, is a mark of political childishness; but in dealing with children it is of no avail to treat them as though they were men. Where nothing more important than forms is involved it is usually wise to humour those who have the power of making their hostility felt.

The character and value of the Constitutional Laws had been too much discussed to make M. GAMBETTA's task at all an easy one. In England, if a measure is brought forward from which any political party hopes to reap great advantage, the authors of it are usually careful to conceal the fact that they expect to profit by its adoption. The late Lord DERBY, being an impulsive and imprudent person, did confess that the object of the Conservative Reform Bill was to dish the Whigs. But, with this exception, every one who was responsible for its introduction was careful to speak on all public occasions as though the sole end the Conservative Government had in view was to secure a more perfect representation of the people in Parliament. Nobody so much as hinted that the residuum might turn out a more pliable political element than the classes immediately above them. In France, on the contrary, each party acknowledges with the utmost frankness that its main end and purpose is to defeat some other party. While the Senate Bill was under review, the organs of the Right Centre did not deny that their desire to see it passed had its origin in the belief that it would have the effect of injuring the Republican party. M. GAMBETTA, therefore, approached the question under a peculiar disadvantage. He had to convince the electors of Belleville that the authors of the Bill had been mistaken in their own handiwork. There was a characteristic boldness in the way in which he set about doing this. He was not content with demonstrating that the Senate would be a less powerful, or a less reactionary, body than the Conservatives in the Assembly supposed. He declared that it was of all others the feature which he most wished to see incorporated into the Constitution. The Chamber which had been intended as a refuge for the dispossessed and the rejected of universal suffrage took shape in his description as the very instrument which the French democracy needs to give it the permanent command of the country. It is no wonder that the politicians of the Right Centre grew nervous when they read M. GAMBETTA's speech, or that they should try to console themselves with reflecting how terrible a disappointment is reserved for his hearers when his assurances come to be put to the test. The process by which he arrives at his conclusion is exceedingly plausible. The feature in the new Electoral College on which his argument fastens is the representation of the communes. Hitherto, he says, the communes have been mere municipal atoms isolated from one another and breathing no common political atmosphere. In future every municipal election will have something political about it. The peasant's vote for a councillor will be determined by other than merely local considerations. His representative will have something else to do than to see to the mending of roads or the building of bridges. He will have a voice in the choice of a Senator, and, in order to ascertain how he will use that voice, his constituents will have to consider what political changes they wish to see effected, and to compare the political promises by which the rival candidates try to secure their support. When the time of electing a Senator arrives the delegates of the commune will go to the chief town of the department, and there discuss the opinions and the wants of their respective communes. This will be another step in the process of political education, and it is one the influence of which will be felt in every village throughout the country. These delegates will all go back again to their constituents as soon as the election is over, and recount to them what they have heard and said while they have been absent. In this way the peasant will learn that there is no real antagonism between him and the artisan, that the alarms

which designing politicians have so often excited in his mind have no foundation in the world of fact, and that as the peasantry, above all other classes, have inherited the conquests of the Revolution, so the peasantry, above all other classes, are bound to be faithful servants of the Republic. When this lesson has been mastered, M. GAMBETTA looks forward to seeing the Republic established with a solidity to which there has never been any parallel in France. The peasant, he says, is the one fixed and immovable element in French society. Let him once be genuinely won over to the Republic, and he will impart to it his own immobility.

It will be seen that M. GAMBETTA argues as though universal suffrage were now for the first time to make its appeal to the French peasantry. To judge merely from this speech, no one would suppose that every one of these peasants whose first introduction to political life M. GAMBETTA describes with so much vigour has a vote for the National Assembly, and under the Empire had a vote for the Legislative Body. How is it, it may be asked, that all this previous political training has gone for nothing? If the mere act of taking part in an indirect election is to work so many miracles, why has the act of taking part in a direct election been so completely barren of results? This is so obvious a question to put that it is surprising that M. GAMBETTA should not have taken some notice of it by way of anticipation. Perhaps it would not have suited his purpose to acknowledge that the suffrage can sometimes have next to no educating influence on those who possess it. If M. GAMBETTA's predictions about the senatorial elections prove to have any truth in them, their superiority over the elections for the Chamber of Deputies will probably be due to the more manageable size of the constituencies. The peasant who has a vote for the department in which his commune is situated loses all interest in the election from the very magnitude of the area over which the voters are distributed. It is at least conceivable that some of the results to which M. GAMBETTA looks forward with so much confidence might be obtained even in the elections for the popular Chamber, if the electoral districts were made smaller and the number of representatives for each district reduced in proportion. At present, however, the maintenance of the *scrutin de liste*—the system, that is, under which every elector has a vote for all the representatives of his department—is an indispensable condition of membership of the Left. It might be worth while to consider from a Conservative point of view whether it would not be wise to postpone the introduction of an Electoral Reform Bill until after the Senate has been returned. If the Republicans reap all the benefits they expect from the new modes of election which will then be on their trial, they may be able to consider the best mode of electing the Chamber of Deputies with a greater absence of prejudice than they can now bring to the discussion.

#### THE WELSH MINERS.

THERE is reason to hope that the cessation of industry in South Wales is approaching its close, but many further changes must precede the return of prosperity. The colliers, who by striking against a reduction of wages produced the lock-out, are still unreconciled. They have hitherto been able to maintain the struggle by the employment which they have found in the non-associated collieries; and it appears that there is little sympathy between them and the ironmasters' colliers who have been against their will reduced to idleness. The associated employers have at last agreed to open their pits at a reduction of fifteen per cent. on the wages of last December. As the furnaces are still out of blast, the coal will be sent into the market in competition with the produce of the non-associated collieries. It is hoped that the dissentient coalowners will consequently be compelled to discharge the extra hands whom they have employed since the strike; and in that case the men will almost necessarily submit to the proposed reduction. When thousands of skilled workmen are willing to accept a certain rate of wages, the producers of sale coal will no longer be able to demand higher payment. The whole question involves complications which cannot be thoroughly understood without local knowledge; but it is a clear advantage to the community that a large body of unwilling idlers should be enabled to return to work and to earn wages which still afford a comfortable maintenance.

There is some reason to fear that further differences may arise between employers and workmen when attempts are made to resume the production of iron. It is asserted that the wages are still too high to enable the masters to put their furnaces in blast. It is even doubtful whether in the actual stagnation of the trade the ironmasters have been losers by the interruption of industry. Some foreign markets have within two or three years been permanently closed either by competition or by the policy of Governments; yet it is almost incredible that a manufacture which was lately more prosperous than any other should be destined to decline or exhaustion.

The loss which has been incurred through the strike and the lock-out is not inaccurately indicated by the traffic returns of the railways which ordinarily convey the minerals. The local Companies which serve the respective valleys have been almost unemployed. The Great Western traffic has suffered, as compared with last year, a loss of several thousands in every week, although by far the larger part of the system lies beyond the reach of the disturbance in South Wales. The greater part of the minerals is shipped at Newport and Cardiff after a comparatively short run by railway, so that the diminution of railway freight represents an enormous proportional loss to the producers and to the receivers of wages. No approximation has yet been made to any device by which the rude comparison of forces in strikes and lock-outs can be evaded. After some experiments, and after observation of the process in other parts of the country, the coal and iron masters have definitively rejected the contrivance of arbitration. It has been found that in many instances men on strike have refused to acquiesce in an adverse award; but perhaps it might be found possible with the aid of the leaders of Trade-Unions to cultivate a nicer sense of honour. A more fundamental objection to arbitration consists in the absence of any definite ground of judgment. Capitalists have been accustomed to decide for themselves whether it was more to their advantage to limit or suspend their operations, or to pay a certain rate of wages. The advocates of arbitration assume that the receipts of the workmen ought to bear some proportion to the profits of the masters; yet it is evident that wages and profits, though they are often closely connected, depend on the operation of different causes. A large supply of labour may tend to lower wages at the same time when a rising market increases the profits of the manufacturer. Lord ABERDARE has on more than one occasion clearly explained the true economic theory to the South Wales miners; but when they find that a depression of trade causes a reduction of wages, they unwillingly listen to reasoning which perhaps seems to them perplexing and abstruse.

One important source of the mineral wealth of South Wales is, happily for those concerned, beyond the reach of more than casual disturbance. The iron trade may be unprofitable, and the household coal may be subject to the competition of the Northern and Midland districts, but the almost inexhaustible supply of steam coal is the best in quality produced in the United Kingdom, or perhaps in the world. A great trade to Birkenhead and Liverpool has sprung up within a few years and rapidly increased; and vast quantities are shipped from the ports in the British Channel. When the tunnel under the estuary of the Severn, now in course of construction by the Great Western Railway, is completed, a direct route will be opened for steam coal to Bristol, to Weymouth, to Southampton, and Portsmouth. The trade to London may be expected to increase largely when it is relieved from the circuitous route by Gloucester, and from the adverse gradient which it involves. A high level bridge over the Severn which would have effected the same object failed for want of funds some years ago; there is reason to hope that no material impediment will prevent the construction of the tunnel. In other respects South Wales is liberally supplied with railway facilities. Three great railway systems give access for the minerals to the centre and North of England, and some of them bring back the ore and other materials which are required for the iron manufacture. It is unfortunate that the friendly relations which prevailed between the miners and their employers have been of late years disturbed; yet it is doubtful whether agitators have as yet acquired any considerable influence in the districts. The great majority of the working population remains outside the Trade-Union organization, though no class of workmen has displayed greater pertinacity in contests as to the rate of wages.

It may be hoped that the long continuance of the present struggle will not have left a bitter feeling behind.

The Miners' Conference which has met to discuss the subject of wages, under the presidency of Mr. MACDONALD, seems thus far to have contributed but little to the solution of any difficulties which exist. In his opening speech Mr. MACDONALD enunciated the questionable proposition that the miner had a right to such wages as the trade would bear, and also to what would afford a comfortable subsistence to himself and his family. It is hardly worth while to dispute about alleged rights which their possessors have no power to enforce. An acute and intelligent speaker might have been expected to remember that there may sometimes not be a demand for labour at the price which would reasonably satisfy the workman. It is true that in the long run the standard of comfort established by custom among any class of workmen has a great and wholesome influence on the rate of wages; but the test operates only by reducing the competition for employment. In other passages Mr. MACDONALD spoke vaguely of the right of miners to fix their own rate of wages. No rational employer has made the converse claim of a right to establish a maximum rate. The prosperity of 1873 and the depression of 1875 ought to have convinced both masters and men that the rate of wages is not to be determined by the will of either party. With the qualification that the miner should fix his own wages, if he can, Mr. MACDONALD's declaration of his rights becomes innocuous. It is evident that, as might be expected, the delegates of the miners are at a loss for a remedy for the low rate of wages. One speaker proposed that all the miners in England should cease working on a particular day. The Chairman answered that the result would be the punishment of the community at large, which may be regarded as neutral in the contest. It may be added that, if all the miners were to strike at once, it would be easier for the employers to replace them with unskilled workmen than for the whole body to subsist when the source of contributions in aid of the movement was closed. Much allowance must be made for the fallacies which are suggested by distress. It is the nature of suffering persons and classes to attribute their misfortunes to others. The miners and their advisers naturally regard the employers as the promoters of low wages, although they gave them no credit for the high rate which prevailed two years ago. It is much to be wished that the colliers of South Wales may exercise their own judgment instead of listening to the counsels of agitators.

#### THE IRISH COERCION BILL.

SOME of the difficulties which attend the work of governing Ireland have been strikingly illustrated in the recent debates on the Peace Preservation Bill. This is not, in the ordinary sense, a new measure. It is only a continuation Bill, by which certain special regulations for the maintenance of order in Ireland which have been for some years in operation are to be relaxed as far as is thought consistent with public safety. It cannot, of course, be expected that those who object to coercive laws in any shape whatever will be satisfied by such a partial modification of them; but the measure is at least not an aggressive one. It is framed in a conciliatory spirit; it recognizes the improving condition of Ireland; and is, in fact, an important step in the direction of a return to the ordinary laws of the country. It might have been supposed, therefore, that even those who were most stoutly opposed to the principle of coercive laws would have at once accepted it as a gain as far as it went, and endeavoured to make the best of it as an instalment of what they demand. Instead of this, however, it has been denounced as a fresh outrage on an oppressed people, and every effort has been made to obstruct its progress. It is unnecessary just now to discuss how far a Bill of this kind is really required at the present moment. It is the opinion of a large part of the Irish members, and almost unanimously of the whole body of English and Scotch members, that it would be out of the question to abandon altogether the precautions for the preservation of order which have hitherto yielded satisfactory results; and this opinion is supported by the authority of those who are directly responsible for the peace of Ireland. When the Ministry say to the House of Commons, "We cannot undertake to govern certain parts of Ireland without these powers," and when it is known that no



other possible Government could be found on any other terms, discussion is practically at an end. It does not follow that members who were pledged against any departure from the ordinary law were therefore bound to surrender at discretion; but it might at least have been expected that they would, as men of sense, take account of the forces opposed to them, and understand what it was that it was possible for them to accomplish in the circumstances in which they were placed. If the existing laws are so oppressive as is alleged, it must be so far a good thing for Ireland to get them somewhat relaxed, especially as distinct encouragement is held out that, if the country contrives to remain quiet, they will gradually be allowed to expire. Unfortunately it was not until after several nights had been wasted, that the Irish members, warned perhaps by a hint of day sittings to finish the Bill, began to show indications of a more reasonable temper.

It is evident that almost all the objections raised against the Bill in Committee were intended as a protest, not merely against particular parts of it, but against it as a whole. It was practically admitted that no change in the details of the measure could make it acceptable, and the Government was thus, in the first instance, discouraged from making any advances towards a compromise. It is the more unfortunate that the opponents of the Bill should have preferred to vapour about the "divine right of every man to have a gun," instead of applying themselves to the practical improvement of the measure, because it was one in which the Government appears to have been sadly in want of this kind of assistance. The criticisms which were passed on the framing of the Bill were so far unjust in their special application that they were equally true of almost every Bill that comes before Parliament. The draughtsmen in this instance merely followed their usual plan of referring to a series of previous Acts in explanation of an amending Bill, instead of incorporating in the Bill itself a distinct account of what it enacts. The complaint that nobody could possibly understand the law on the subject was of course obviously an affectation, inasmuch as it has been for some years in operation, and the changes which are proposed have all been distinctly specified by the IRISH SECRETARY. At the same time it is a pity that any Bill should be presented in such a confusing form, when it might so easily be made complete and intelligible in itself, at the cost of a trifle more for printing, and a little more trouble to gentlemen at the Treasury who have a long holiday to recruit in after their fatigues; and it is certainly in the interest of the Government itself that the Bill should be made as unobjectionable as possible. The IRISH SECRETARY has promised to consider what can be done to make the Bill more explicit, and he has also accepted one or two amendments proposed by Mr. BUTT, the more important of which are perhaps those limiting the search for arms to the period between sunrise and sunset, and providing that the warrant of search shall only be exercised in the presence of the persons to whom it is directed by name. It would also appear that in some other respects the Bill is capable of improvement. If, for instance, it is true, as the O'CONNOR DOX stated, that the county of Dublin had to pay a heavy fine because an old lady who lived in Dublin in perfect friendship with her neighbours was murdered by some of her tenants, who had come for the purpose from a remote part of Ireland, it is evident that the compensation clause may sometimes be applied in an exceedingly unjust and foolish manner; and there can be no difficulty in framing a set of words which shall clearly fasten the penalties of the offence on the really guilty district. This, however, is no argument for striking out the clause altogether, as the O'CONNOR DOX proposed, with apparently a very imperfect apprehension of its operation. He urged that a fine did not exercise a deterrent influence on the class of persons against whom it was directed, and that agricultural outrages in Ireland ought to be left to be dealt with by the ordinary laws which applied to trade disputes in England. But, in the first place, the persons who are aimed at are not the actual murderers, but the people who encourage murder by their cowardly connivance, and who require to be pricked up to their duty; and, in the next place, agrarian outrages in Ireland differ materially from ordinary trade disputes elsewhere. Here again, however, the object of the clause would be made more apparent, and its efficiency perhaps increased, if the tax were withdrawn when the criminal was given up.

One of the misfortunes of Ireland is undoubtedly the spirit in which Irish members too often apply themselves to their Parliamentary duties. Nobody would say that the Government should be excused for bringing forward careless or ill-digested measures on the plea that there is no use in trying to satisfy critics who have no other object than to get rid of Bills which they dislike; but it is evident that, human nature being what it is, the course which Irish members usually pursue does not offer much encouragement to the Government to make advances in the way of compromise. If there were any chance of securing the immediate abolition of the Coercion laws, their opponents would have a perfect right to press their demands. As that is hopeless in the face of a Government with an overwhelming majority on both sides of the House at its back, all that can be done is to endeavour to improve the details of the measure. It is sometimes complained, and not without reason, that the representatives of Ireland do not exercise that influence on the deliberations of Parliament which they ought to possess, not merely in the interest of their own country, but for the sake of keeping up the fair balance of representative opinion which is essential under a constitutional government. But after such scenes as have lately been witnessed, it is impossible not to ask whether it is not the Irish members who are themselves responsible for their want of weight in the House. It is impossible that serious political discussion can be carried on to any purpose unless there is a sincere desire on each side to arrive at a practical result, and a willingness to obey, not only the formal rules of the House, but also that unwritten code which regulates the intercourse of gentlemen. Nothing would tend so much to simplify the great problem of Irish government as the presence in the House of Irish members careful of their self-respect, and willing, without sacrificing their independence, to accept the only conditions on which they can be of real service to their country.

#### A BURST BUBBLE.

DR. KENEALY may boast, and probably he has by this time boasted, that he has achieved a certain kind of victory. "He," said the Greek hero, "will have won the prize in this contest who will, though he is beaten, be recorded as having contended with me." Dr. KENEALY has faced a unanimous House of Commons, and he has drawn the fire of two Attorney-Generals of two successive Administrations, of Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. BEIGHT. The collapse of the TICHBORNE bubble was scarcely worth so laborious an expenditure of breath; and, after all, it is not certain that the delusion is finally exploded; yet the mover and manager of the agitation must begin to suspect that the resources of popular folly are nearly exhausted. The race of dupes is gregarious and imitative; and the conversion or hesitation of a few ringleaders propagates itself among the common herd as rapidly as the original craze. Sheep or calves will sometimes run for half a mile along a road in front of a carriage which in vain attempts to pass them. At last one or two of the number, without any apparent reason, turn or stand still, and the remainder immediately follow the example. Dr. KENEALY may possibly have borne with obtuse indifference the brilliant sarcasm of Mr. DISRAELI, and the more serious exposure of his fallacies by Mr. BEIGHT; but he must have listened with alarm to Lord RIVERS's remonstrance against his breach of confidence, and above all to Mr. WHALLEY's intimation that the eulogies of Dr. KENEALY in the *Englishman* are not calculated to serve the cause of the Claimant. When high-reaching WHALLEY grows circumspect, his leader must apprehend the defection of his solitary adherent. If the convict at Dartmoor were cognizant of the proceedings of his former advocate, he would probably complain that his own wrongs have been partially forgotten in the pursuit of popularity and imaginary aggrandizement. The Magna Charta Association has but a remote connexion with the TICHBORNE fraud. Mr. WHALLEY is not disposed to abandon his prosecution of Jesuit intrigues in honour even of the modern antitype both of CROMWELL and of MILTON. At the date of Magna Charta there were neither Protestants nor Jesuits; and if two pious Judges had then concurred with their chief in a conspiracy against justice, they would not have been respectable Non-conformists.

A bad cause was not rendered plausible by any display of

eloquence, of ability, or even of ingenious sophistry. In the early part of his speech Dr. KENEALY absurdly attempted to conciliate the present Ministers by vituperation of their predecessors. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Greek studies were impertinently held up to ridicule because he had taken no notice of an insolent application for his interference with the Judges. The attack on Lord COLERIDGE was as conspicuous for the rhetorical blunder which it involved as for moral obliquity. It would in any case be difficult to persuade the House of Commons that one Chief Justice, aided by two accomplices of his own Court, has been guilty of fraudulent and oppressive conduct. An assailant who wished his charges against Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN to be thought credible ought not to have digressed into a more serious accusation against Lord COLERIDGE. It is highly improbable that two Chief Justices should on different occasions have disgraced themselves in dealing with the same person, first as plaintiff in an action, and then as defendant on an indictment for misdemeanour. According to Dr. KENEALY'S statement, Sir JOHN COLERIDGE had admitted his own guilt in knowingly presenting a forged document to the jury, and the Government had afterwards become accessories to his crime by promoting him to the Bench. No motive was suggested for acts which would have been equally foolish and criminal. The evidence adduced was worthy of the charge. In answer to Dr. KENEALY, who had charged Mr. DOBINSON, late solicitor to the TICHBORNE family, with knowledge of the forgery, Lord COLERIDGE publicly stated that Mr. DOBINSON had communicated all that he knew to himself as counsel. It is impossible that even Dr. KENEALY can have thought that Lord COLERIDGE intended to confess his own complicity in a dishonourable proceeding, but the habitual practice of indiscriminate calumny produces intellectual confusion. The mobs which Dr. KENEALY rouses, according to his own assertion, to a state of dangerous disaffection, are probably not careful to distinguish between the action of ejectionment and the criminal trial, and they may think that a disgraceful act attributed to one Chief Justice is presumptive evidence against another.

The House of Commons listened with patient courtesy to a prolix statement which was happily suicidal. Even if every assertion of the mover had been correct, there was no pretext for Parliamentary encroachment on the province of criminal justice. For his own purposes Dr. KENEALY had addressed fulsome compliments to the jury which must, according to his present contention, have been either imbecile or dishonest. It is notorious that every person competent to judge of such matters entirely agrees with the jury; and, if the verdict had been erroneous, the House of Commons was not the proper place in which to seek for redress. The fragmentary passages of the trial which were mentioned in the course of Dr. KENEALY'S speech would have been unintelligible if the majority of members had not remembered the voluminous reports which were published at the time. The speakers who followed judiciously abstained from any attempt to supply the omissions, and from recrimination. It is not absolutely certain that ORTON would have been convicted if the deliberate perjury of the witness LUIE or LUNDGREN had not been accidentally discovered and demonstratively proved. The daring experiment and its failure probably removed any lingering doubts by which the jury may have been troubled. The courteous and almost complimentary language of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Sir H. JAMES, though perhaps creditable to their taste, had the disadvantage of jarring with the indignation and repugnance which the late agitation excites and justifies. The editor of a scandalous newspaper is not entitled to be treated by members of the House of Commons as their equal. The hallucination on which he depends for notoriety and for his seat in Parliament only deserves notice because it is shared by a numerous section of the populace. It was perhaps worth while to devote one night, not so much to exposure of the error, as to the object of securing a decisive expression of opinion. From this time forth the question ought not to be reopened as if the merits of the case were still doubtful. A few of Dr. KENEALY'S followers may perhaps be undeceived by the vote of the House of Commons.

The light which has been thrown on the moral and intellectual condition of a portion of the community is a more interesting subject of observation than the fortunes of ORTON or Dr. KENEALY. It is said that several constituencies were prepared, if the opportunity had occurred,

to share or anticipate the wonderful choice of the electors of Stoke. In several large towns, and in London itself, it has been found possible to assemble mobs for the purpose of denouncing the jury which convicted ORTON, and the Judges who are held responsible for their error. While the trial was in progress the mode of reasoning by which the rabble justified its support of the Claimant was intelligible and amusing. If ORTON had been thought to be a gentleman of ancient family he would not have commanded the sympathy which attended the ambitious butcher. Dr. KENEALY pledges his high authority to the proposition that the convict was a perfect gentleman, but it was on the opposite ground that he earned the suffrages of the multitude. The present enthusiasm extends, if its official record may be trusted, to Dr. KENEALY as well as to ORTON. It is evident that many thousands of Englishmen are beyond the reach, not merely of reason, but of the influence of newspapers. To the credit of even minor journalists in London and in the country, no writer, with one exception, can be found to degrade himself by professing belief in a convicted impostor; yet several thousands of ratepayers at Stoke were ready to return a stranger to Parliament because he professed to be the priest of their temporary idol. Antiquarian optimists may find consolation in the continued existence of a layer of unreasoning barbarism under the crust of civilization. The disciples of Dr. KENEALY are scarcely more enlightened than the Kentish countrymen who a generation ago followed an agitator who assumed the well-sounding name of Sir WILLIAM COURTENAY. They had no immediate grievances to complain of, and the pretensions of their leader were absolutely unintelligible. Perhaps they unconsciously struggled to emancipate themselves from a life of prosaic dullness by taking part in a melodramatic burlesque. There is fortunately no reason to apprehend that the believers in ORTON will attempt to organize an insurrection; and probably the current of folly will have begun to ebb after the vote of the House of Commons. The foolish and ignorant portions of the community always dimly suspect that their betters are wiser than themselves. As SOUTHEY acutely remarked, madmen do not believe their delusions as firmly as the sane believe true propositions. Even Stoke can scarcely think that the unanimous voice of the House of Commons expresses an error or a fraud.

#### M. CHEVALIER'S PROGRESS.

M. CHEVALIER is being entertained in the principal seats of English industry, and at each he has to say something that shall revive the drooping spirits of Free-traders. In the prosecution of this benevolent work he is a little in the position of a theologian who does not believe in a Devil. The more easy it is to prove that, if all men were good, they would be very much happier than they are, the harder it becomes to explain why the great majority of them are so blind to their own interest. M. CHEVALIER finds no difficulty in showing that, if the nations of the world abolished Protective duties, they would become richer and more prosperous. Free-trade means low prices and large consumption; protection means scarcity, and in the end dearth. How is it then that so large a proportion of mankind are still in love with Protection? It is the same difficulty that presents itself to the theologian, but orthodox Christianity gets over it by the intervention of the Devil, whereas the Free-trader has no such resource. Who is it that tempts men to maintain Customs duties, and to harden their hearts against the charms of untaxed tea and coffee? What is the evil principle that stands at the gates of the commercial paradise, and hinders mankind from even desiring to enter in? M. CHEVALIER will perhaps answer, the pugnacity of the human race, and will point to the three millions of soldiers whom Europe now maintains "in order to prepare themselves for the destruction of each other." But this state of permanent readiness for war has grown up during the very period that has witnessed the greatest diffusion of commercial freedom. The pugnacity of the human race is probably not greater to-day than it was a quarter of a century ago, and as Free-trade is very much more general now than it was then, it would seem to follow that the danger of war ought to have grown proportionately smaller. Yet M. CHEVALIER has nothing more encouraging to say at Birmingham than that a new conflagration worse than any preceding one may at any moment fill us with pity, horror,



or disgust. The truth is that Free-traders misplace cause and effect. Instead of peace being the natural result of an unrestricted exchange of products, an unrestricted exchange of products is a natural result of peace. When nations cease to plan how to seize one another's goods, they begin to meditate how they can buy them cheaply. But the power of buying goods cheaply does not change human nature. Men are something more than commercial animals, and even in face of the miserable spectacle which the Continent of Europe now offers it is difficult to wish them different. No treaty with Germany, however advantageous, would reconcile M. CHEVALIER to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine; and though, in replying to an address from the "Midland International Arbitration Union," he declared that the time is ripe for the establishment of a policy of peace and arbitration, we may suspect that, as regards France and Germany, the *status quo* which he would like to see maintained is only the *status quo ante bellum*.

The error of Free-traders—taking the term as standing for men who make it their special mission to preach Free-trade to a sceptical or careless world—is that they claim too high a dignity for their doctrine. To cheapen foreign produce is not the Alpha and Omega of policy, and those who make it such must in the end meet with disappointment. This same "Midland International Arbitration Union" took upon itself to congratulate M. CHEVALIER on the complete realization of the noble ends he proposed to himself when he helped to negotiate the Treaty of Commerce between France and England. "Mutual interest" and reciprocal deeds of kindness have awakened "fraternal feelings; free intercourse and acquaintance" have removed prejudices; . . . and now no one "thinks of the possibility of war between France and England. By the blessing of God this Treaty of Commerce has done more to promote peace than all former treaties, whether dynastic, territorial, or political." As it turned out, a more inappropriate sentence than this last could scarcely have been put together. The Union no doubt thought that "dynastic, territorial, or political," was an exhaustive enumeration of all former treaties between France and England, and consequently that it was safe to compare the peace which had followed upon the first Treaty of Commerce with the wars that had followed upon all other kinds of treaties. If they had asked Mr. BRIGHT to prescribe a course of reading for their benefit, they might have known before his speech, instead of after it, that a Treaty of Commerce, very much more liberal in its character than the Treaty of 1860, was concluded between France and England nearly ninety years ago, and that the preamble to that treaty sets out the same hopes and the same objects as the preamble to the later treaty. As long ago as 1786 the two Governments thought that the best way of consolidating and extending peace was to "adopt a system of commerce on the basis of reciprocity and mutual convenience." If Treaties of Commerce are a panacea against war, friendship between France and England should have been assured on the day that treaty was signed. Yet before many years had passed all idea of reciprocity and mutual convenience had given place to a long and bitter war. The results of the Treaty of 1860 have been happier than those of the Treaty of 1786, because the course of events has been different; but if France had remained the paramount military Power on the Continent, and the exigencies of home politics had led NAPOLEON III. towards the Scheldt, instead of towards the Rhine, the Treaty of Commerce would not have proved any barrier against war. Mere identity of trade interests will no more keep nations friends than it will keep masters and workmen friends. There is even a feeling that, when more important considerations come in, it behoves men to show that they can rise above questions of money and tariffs. If M. CHEVALIER thinks this an unfortunate tendency in human nature, we are unable to sympathize with him.

There is another point upon which M. CHEVALIER did not touch in his speeches at Birmingham, but which ought not to be passed over without notice. In England Free-trade as opposed to Protection has long been established. When therefore Free-trade is held up to Englishmen as an object which it still behoves them to strive after, there is some occasion to suspect that the speakers have in their mind duties levied for revenue rather than duties levied for protection. M. CHEVALIER is an economist of too great mark thus to judge questions of taxation. But among those who entertained him at Birmingham there were probably some partisans of our old friend, the free breakfast-table, and

it is never safe to allow the assumption that a tax is necessarily condemned because it interferes with free exchange between different countries. All that M. CHEVALIER says about the commercial and economical benefits of Free-trade is perfectly true. But when it has been said and accepted, there remain the facts that in England a very large revenue has to be raised, that it is highly desirable that it should be raised in something like a fair proportion from all classes of the community, and that without Customs duties it would be exceedingly hard to attain this object. Supposing that tea and tobacco came into England without duty, the working classes would only be taxed when they drank strong liquors; so that, in proportion as they became more sober and more frugal, they would cease to contribute to the Exchequer. It is clear that under a suffrage like ours this state of things would be highly inexpedient. The right to determine national policy and the obligation of paying for the policy determined on ought not to be entirely separated. Yet the difficulties in the way of subjecting the working classes to anything in the nature of direct taxation are very great. No system of the kind has been suggested which is not open to objections from which the present mode of raising revenue is free; and while this is the case, it is not unreasonable to feel some jealousy of commendations of Free-trade when applied without qualification to England. That our present scale of Customs duties is capable of further simplification is likely enough, but the process should not be taken in hand without a previous understanding that this simplification is not to interfere with the principle of raising a large part of the revenue by means of Customs duties. In some future era of patriotic enlightenment it may be possible to sit at a free breakfast-table without any alarm as to its political or economical results; but as yet this happy summation is not even signalled.

#### THE CENTENARY NUISANCE.

THE Americans have lately been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Lexington. It was not a very big battle, but it was undeniably a very important one; and it would be absurd to grudge them any satisfaction which they may derive from firing the usual salvoes of congratulatory orations, poems, and festivities. It is melancholy to think, however, that we are probably entering upon a round of such celebrations. Next year will of course see the biggest of all possible celebrations of the inevitable Fourth of July. We pity the unfortunate orators who are perhaps even now cudgelling their brains for something new to say upon an event which has already been the pretext for an unparalleled quantity of nonsense; but we admit that the performance is inevitable. We think, however, with a certain alarm of possibilities nearer home. We in this country are perhaps not likely to celebrate the centenary of our final riddance of a very troublesome set of subjects; for we must confess that, however desirable the result, it was brought about in the most objectionable way and reflected the least possible credit upon our intelligence. But so many distinguished people were born towards the end of the last century, and the taste for such celebrations seems to be so much on the increase, that we may look forward to a deluge of platitudes. The centenary of Byron's birth, for example, as we were reminded the other day by an enthusiastic contemporary, is not far ahead, and the edifying discussion started by Mrs. Beecher Stowe has hardly had time to grow cool. We shall probably have it all over again, together with a discussion as to the propriety of removing the poet's remains to Westminster Abbey. Inferior luminaries abound. The centenary of the birth of Scott's friend, Leyden, is to be celebrated this year with all the fervour of North British patriotism. Worse than all, the era of the French Revolution is approaching, and will give an admirable opening for eloquence still more vehement and a great deal less unanimous than that which will be expended next year in America.

To protest against the custom is of course futile. There are so many orators who like to hear themselves talk, so many small officials who like to be in the chair at a public meeting, and so much willingness in the public to listen to any quantity of twaddle, that the practice is certain to flourish. It is useless to ask for its logical justification, because logic has obviously nothing to do with it. There is no more reason why we should turn our eyes backwards to a distance of precisely 100 years than to a distance of 99 or 101. But the human mind is governed by arbitrary associations, and we must take the consequences. There is, indeed, a rough propriety in fixing some such period. We may say with some approach to accuracy that a book does not permanently take its place in literature till it has lived for a century—that is to say, for about three generations. Such a length of vitality shows, in fact, that its celebrity was not a mere matter of accidental fashion. The first glow of success is generally followed by a period of depression,

because the second generation naturally despises the taste of the first. The best of sons generally thinks that his father was a bit of a fool. The change of taste which has taken place in our own time, and which is therefore due to our own exertions, seems to be a change from darkness to light. Though we may admit in general terms that the generation which preceded us contained some exemplary characters, we nevertheless regard their ultimate point of attainment as, in some sense, our starting point. We measure our own excellence by our divergence from the paternal errors. But when it comes to a question between ourselves and our grandfathers, we can judge more fairly, for the competition is not so close. The fact, therefore, that a book has suffered an eclipse in the second generation proves nothing specifically against it; for such a reaction is more or less necessary in all cases. The question is whether it will ever emerge again; and if it does, we have some reason to suppose that it is a fixed star, instead of a mere meteor. It is, for example, about a century since the publication of the *Wealth of Nations* and the first volumes of Gibbon's History. Their reputation, though it may have changed in character, still substantially survives; admired whilst the eighteenth-century spirit was still in full force, they were not destroyed by the reaction which came in with the next generation, and their fame may now be regarded as permanently established. We could not say as much for the Johnsonian writings which were then popular, but which seem to have retired permanently from the reading-table to the library under the influence of the general change of taste. What is true of books is true to some degree of events. The frantic enthusiasm which greeted the French Revolution was changed for unqualified denunciation; and we ought by this time to be reaching a position from which we can take a juster view of its true bearings. The passions, however, survive longer in such cases. We can argue pretty calmly about the merits of Washington and Lord North; but we have no great hope that in the year 1889 people will be of one mind as to the merits of the controversy between Burke and Tom Paine. A centenary celebration of the capture of the Bastille would probably find two parties arrayed against each other with rather more bitterness of feeling than existed in the days of their great-grandfathers. If, indeed, celebrations of such events had to be adjourned until passions had grown cool, we may say that they would never take place until the complete decay of the old order of things. We might possibly celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Hastings without much offence to anybody; but a celebration even of the defeat of the Spanish Armada would cause certain ebullitions of hostility between Mr. Whalley and Cardinal Manning. Millenary would have to be substituted for centenary celebrations if we desired perfect calmness of feeling; but that, of course, is not what is wanted. They are really occasions for the expression of partisan, or at best of patriotic, feeling, and the pleasure of burning Guy Fawkes will pretty well disappear when all the world has been brought to perfect unity of religious faith.

Meanwhile we would suggest that, as such things must be, it would perhaps be as well to celebrate them in a rather different spirit. We should celebrate our fasts as well as our feasts, and sometimes sit in sackcloth and ashes, instead of arraying ourselves in purple and fine linen, lighting bonfires, and firing indefinite salutes. Why should we not sometimes lament the sins of our ancestors, or think of their virtues with a sense rather of humiliation than of self-complacency? In the good old times we used to humble ourselves for the murder of the Royal Martyr; now we never speak of a national crime except to give thanks that we are not as those sinners, our great-grandfathers, and we use historical revolutions only as material for rather ludicrous self-applause. We shout over our wonderful achievements, and declare that we are ready to achieve things more wonderful still. Our ancestors were wise and good and rich; we are wiser and better and richer, and improving at a greater rate than ever was known before. In calmer moments we are quite aware that this is not altogether an accurate statement of the case; but we keep our gloomier thoughts for ordinary consumption, and do not think them, it would seem, sufficiently instructive to be brought out on great occasions. Yet surely an occasional fit of general lamentation over our follies would not be altogether misplaced. There are undeniably "rocks ahead"; and we are not the more likely to steer clear of them if we indulge in a series of jollifications and never temper our exhilaration with an exhibition of humility. The Americans are going to make all manner of fine speeches about the great days of 1776. Why should not we have something to say upon the subject? Let us have a dinner of herbs and water instead of turtle-soup and champagne. Let the Lord Mayor and the Prime Minister and the popular speakers of the day walk in procession through the streets, appressed in their shabbiest clothes, and drink in solemn silence to the memory of a departed empire. And then let a speaker arise, not to pour out floods of gushing sentiment, and declare that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, but in lugubrious and depressed spirits, endeavouring to provoke tears rather than bursts of repeated applause. Let him think upon the short-sightedness which lost a great empire, or upon the folly which, if the empire had to dissolve, caused the dissolution to be attended with a bitterness which has not yet died out. Let him dwell upon the stupidity which threw away British armies upon hopeless enterprises, the want of unity which paralysed all our plans, and the stupidity of a Parliament which ridiculed Burke and Chatham and believed in the wisdom of North. Let him point out that we have no right to shift the blame off our own

shoulders upon those of poor George III., inasmuch as the people were quite as stupid as their rulers. And then let him ask whether we are so much better now; whether we have the true spirit for ruling a great empire; whether Parliament is more given to action and less to talk; whether our military efficiency has improved in proportion to its costliness, and whether, if our ancestors had a Wilkes to represent them, we have not a Kenealy. Perhaps too he might find some profitable material for humiliating reflections in contrasting the America of 1876 with the America of the Revolution. It has grown rich and populous, but has it not developed certain questionable products with a still more rapid growth? Might not something be said about log-rolling and wire-pulling and Erie railroads, and antipathies between North and South, and even about the contrast between a Grant and a Washington? To bring out fairly all the unpleasant sides of the contrast, it would doubtless be best that a supply of English orators should be sent to the United States with a reciprocal importation of Americans to us. But in such a case it would be necessary to have a strong force of police present at the various celebrations, or to agree that no demands should be made by either country for damages, direct or indirect, done to over-zealous orators.

Or, if we take the more personal kind of centenary, we might still find room for reflections more profitable than agreeable. If anything should be said about Byron's weaknesses and vices a few years hence, it will probably be to the effect that we ought to congratulate ourselves on our superior respectability. Yet we might ask whether there is not a contrast of a less gratifying kind. If we are more respectable, is it not true that we are less masculine? and if it happens that some of our popular writers are as little bound as he was by the ordinary considerations of morality, do they not sink into a kind of vicious writing more hateful because less virile? We abuse our excellent ancestors for not rewarding the merits of a Burns. It was very wrong, but at any rate they had a Burns; and the art of spoiling a genius by flattery, or encouraging his most morbid tendencies, does not seem to have been entirely lost in modern times. To take stock of our shortcomings as well as of our advantages should surely be part of any wise system for recalling the remarkable men and events of former days. But any such sentiments are inappropriate in the incoherent conviviality which seems to be regarded as essential to centenary celebrations. And therefore we are forced to think that they are not for the most part very profitable performances. Americans will be all the more conceited because they did a considerable thing a hundred years ago, and we shall be none the humbler because we committed a great folly. Perhaps the fittest state of mind for getting through the world is to be neither optimist nor pessimist, but to take things as they come and make the best of them, satisfied that, if the world makes progress on the whole, it is a progress ever at the cost of incessant blundering, waste, and blind contest between chaotic and antagonist forces. If, however, the optimists are to have great field days at frequent intervals, it would be as well that the pessimists should occasionally take a turn. Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Greg should be invited occasionally to add a few shades to the glowing pictures of Dean Stanley and other popular orators. They would be equal to the task.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF THE SKATING RINK.

IT is not a new remark that a nation's character may be studied in its amusements. It may reasonably be assumed that national sport involves an unbending from that attitude of forced reserve in which people have ordinarily to remain, and so presents to view the pure spontaneous impulses of their common character. It is certain that national peculiarities do somehow betray themselves in the amusements preferred in different countries. Who can fail to see, for instance, a tinge of the melancholy of the Northern temperament in the characteristic sports of our own country? That we are apt to take our pleasures sadly applies not only to the rude sports of the vulgar, but also to the most fashionable of pastimes. What, for example, could be a more dull and joyless kind of sport, at least to a spectator, than pigeon-shooting? The scene resembles rather some gloomy ceremony which has to be got through as quickly as possible with the least amount of fatigue than a play of spontaneous activity flowing from a sense of mirth and jollity. Or, again, to select a quite different species of pastime, what uninitiated person watching a football match with its hot earnestness of purpose, its rude shocks, and its exhausting labours, would imagine it to be a pure diversion? We cannot help thinking, indeed, that the most cheerless pessimist theories of life with which we are from time to time favoured must have been formed after a repeated contemplation of popular amusements; and this hypothesis seems to be supported by the fact that the extreme forms of such theories have sprung up mainly, if not exclusively, among Northern nationalities.

The so-called "Skating Rink" offers, we think, an admirable illustration of this relation of sport to national temperament. It seems to have gained considerable favour among certain classes of English society, and, if not English in its origin (we believe it is the offspring of Transatlantic ingenuity), it certainly bids fair to become a distinguishing English sport. We lately had an opportunity of observing this kind of amusement at a fashionable watering-place, and were much impressed with the happy adaptation of the occupation to our national tastes. The rink is a long room with well-planed boarded floor, and lit and ventilated by



means of a glass roof. Over the boards careers a dense throng of persons of both sexes and of very various ages, wheeling themselves along on the four tiny broad rollers which do duty for the polished steel blade of the skate. The din set up by these little American machines is something indescribable, though it may roughly be likened to the whirr and clatter of the looms and machinery of a spinning factory. This element of noise gives to the sport one of its characteristic qualities; it has to be performed in speechless solemnity, all attempts at conversation being doomed to ludicrous failure. Another striking element in the amusement is the elevation of bodily temperature, which results in part from the arduous nature of the exercise, and in part from the ratio of the number of performers to the cubical contents of the hall. This plentiful addition of caloric appears to reinforce the active impulses, and so to heighten the intense ardour of the sport. A good deal of the excessive fury of the exercise seems to be directed to the impossible object of compassing a kind of movement having something of the freedom and the grace of true skating. Being desirous to examine the inmost sources of the pleasure of this engrossing pastime, we made good trial of the so-called skates, and were confirmed in the conviction that the motion of the rink has the least possible resemblance to that of the frozen lake. Marvellous *tours de force* may no doubt be compassed by means of these clever inventions, only one must not seek to be graceful or to realize the delicious ease of unimpeded motion.

One can hardly view a scene like this without falling into several curious lines of reflection. Not to dwell on the most obvious suggestions—as, for example, that it is very easy to make anything an amusement if you can only induce a certain number of people to set it agoing, or that most persons will bear a truly awful amount of hardship for the sake of deluding themselves into the conviction that they have been enjoying themselves—we may notice one or two aspects of the sport which seem to have a direct relation to national character. Thus, for example, does not the scene very forcibly remind one of a defect frequently attributed to our nation—namely, a certain slowness and obtuseness of sensibility? The people who frequent the rink appear to perceive no difference between this arduous exercise practised under such painful limitations and the wild free movements of skating. We have heard its votaries seriously maintain that the one is almost as good as the other. That is to say, the feeling of swift flight through keen air, the sense of rapid bound from point to point and of triumph over the limits of space, above all, the delightful feeling of suspended inertia, the consciousness of a corporeal levity and mobility which has, one fancies, an affinity to the sense of flying in mid air—all this, which is the finest essence of skating to a cultivated lover of the art, goes for little or nothing to the frequenter of the rink. Fineness of sensation, and expansion of imagination, the most precious ingredients of true skating, are wholly wanting in this dreary travesty of the sport. Surely Mr. Matthew Arnold might here find a striking illustration of the unideal character of the English mind. One wonders what an enthusiastic young Russian or German, well versed in the poetry of skating, would say of this new version of the pastime.

We may see too in the popularity of this exercise another quality of the British temperament which is very closely connected with its lack of delicate sentiment. We mean that force of active instinct which may be traced in so many of our national customs. We pride ourselves on being an energetic people, fond of action for its own sake; and there is certainly something in this quality which may be set off against our want of ideality. The possession of superabundant activity ready to flow into any channel is no doubt a very valuable thing, and lies at the root of some of the finest qualities of character. Only it is apt to take now and then a mischievous turn, and more frequently still perhaps a grotesque form. The spectacle of a crowd of well-dressed people urging their way in no very graceful fashion on these newfangled “skates,” jostling one another freely, and exhausting themselves very rapidly, is a little droll perhaps. The on-looker cannot help feeling a touch of compassion for the performers as being goaded on by some irrepressible demon of activity. The very force of the impulse which thus clamours for a vent seems incompatible with pure enjoyment. Plato's doctrine that all pleasure is a temporary escape from pain might perhaps be aptly applied to the pleasures of the rink. It is hard for the kindly spectator not to wish that these zealous persons were less burdened with the craving for doing something. The amount of pure positive gratification which is derived from all this muscular exercise cannot, one would think, go far to compensate for the vast amount of discomfort which is involved in the possession of such tyrannous impulses. On the other hand it must be admitted that this activity of constitution, even as it shows itself in the exploits of the rink, has a certain respectability of its own. The eagerly active man is commonly the readily practical man, quick to perceive what is feasible, and content to make this his goal. Our inscrutable climate rarely favours us with the conditions of enjoyable skating; but we must have the exercise in some shape, and with fine practical instinct we have hit on the rink as the best available substitute. The enthusiastic German would no doubt ridicule this prosaic solution of the problem. He would never be induced to accept such a spurious semblance of the romantic and delicious sport. If his climate too were to grow erratic and to rob him of his two months' skating season, he would fall back on *Entsagung*, and solace himself with an ideal image of the vanished delight. We, on the other hand, do manage to retain a certain quantum of the real original enjoyment, however small a fraction it may be. Thus,

while the imaginative German reaches an ideal world which is closed to the robust and muscular Englishman of whom we are now speaking, this latter manages, by way of compensation, to squeeze a few additional drops of enjoyment out of the realities of life. We need not try to determine which of the two methods brings the larger amount of pure delight.

There is, indeed, one aspect of the rink which appears to suggest that our countrymen have a peculiarly acute and subtle feeling for the proper enjoyment of sport. Play has been ingeniously defined by Mr. Herbert Spencer as a simulation of activities subserving the ends of life. He supposes that in the process of evolution faculties become developed beyond the range within which they subserve the functions of the organism, and that in this case the unemployed energies seek an artificial vent. Very frequently this discharge of redundant energy takes the form of a conscious imitation of the useful action. Thus, for example, one sees in little girls' devotion to dolls, and in boys' games of chase, an amusing mimicry of the serviceable actions of adult life. Now, if this be a correct definition of play, the occupation of the skating rink may be styled play *par excellence*, the very spirit and refined essence of sport. For the actions of the rink are twice removed from the serviceable actions of life. They are the semblance of the semblance of useful activities, the residue of the residue of superabundant vital energy. The ladies and gentlemen of faultless toilet who frequent the rink may indulge the pleasing reflection that, in seeking to reproduce artificially actions which themselves are playful and unnecessary, they are as far as possible removed from the pressure of natural conditions. Is it fanciful to imagine that a dim consciousness of this aspect of the exercise serves in a slight measure to render it so popular with that class of English society which prides itself on being under no necessity to labour for the necessities of life? Whether this be so or not, the thoughtful looker-on can hardly fail to see the fitness of an occupation which aims solely at reproducing a mode of play to the predominant ideas of our luxurious classes.

We have said enough perhaps to help the attentive reader to determine whether this fashionable pastime reflects very much lustre on English sentiment or intelligence, and we have sufficiently hinted at the side light which it throws on the moral ideas and habits of life of its supporters. It would be easy to moralize on the subject, and to raise the practical inquiry whether people who find amusement in such seemingly barren toil might not be persuaded to take up with a mode of activity involving quite as much destruction of muscular tissue, which would bring in some appreciable amount of good to somebody. But we fear this kind of practical application is of little value in face of the obstinacy of fashionable taste, and we are well aware that we could not bring to bear on this side of the subject the eloquence which Mr. Ruskin would give to it.

#### PHARAOH AND GALLIO.

EVERY one has heard how an eminent man, perhaps more than one eminent man, of later times has pretended to be dead, in order that he might see what the newspapers said of him. If such a freak were to seize on the mind of one who was merely a great scholar, he might perhaps find that the newspapers said nothing of him at all. But those of whom the story is told were men in political life, about whom something was certain to be said. Now just after a man's death people are more inclined to speak well of him than at any time earlier or later, and, just after a man's death, the chief events of his life are likely to be recorded with some approach to accuracy. So, on the whole, the subject of the biography might not be very greatly grieved by reading the biography. But carry this thought out a little further. What if dead men should be able to know—the vaguer word commits us to no theory as to seeing or hearing—all that is said of them after their deaths? What if it should be a part of some purgatorial system that they should know it all without the power of answering? Think, above all, of those who are not only talked about and written about, but have to undergo the yet harder doom of being preached about. It is sometimes a trial for the living to have to sit and hear statements and arguments which, if they were allowed but a minute to answer, they could at once bowl over. But in modern times the living are not commonly preached about by name, or, if they are, it is in some quotation or reference with which they have no reason for quarrelling. But conceive oneself a “Scripture Character”; conceive oneself one of those beings whose final cause would seem to have been to point a moral from generation to generation. Conceive such a one preached about year after year from countless pulpits, preached about in a set form, attributing to the unhappy “character” some virtue or vice, perhaps utterly foreign to his disposition, perhaps utterly impossible in the state of society in which he lived. The hardship would be that it would press as hard on the saints as on the sinners. It must be almost as bad to be set up as a light and a pillar for something which the light and pillar is conscious of never having done, as it is to be brought out before the company in the character of drunken helot or horrid example.

But for the present we will think only of the sad estate of the latter class. No form of Tartarus could, one would think, be worse than the endless process by which the unhappy Scripture Character is drawn forth, year after year, like a baited badger, to listen, according to our supposition, to the strangest misrepresentations

of his actions and motives, and that without the forms of the House allowing him the smallest opportunity for a personal explanation. He may have been a great sinner, and may have deserved any amount of punishment; if so, what punishment can be conceived as keener than endlessly hearing himself described as sinning in some particular way wholly unlike that in which he really did sin? In this way, we may look on the punishment as perfectly just; but, as in some other forms of punishment, those who inflict it cannot be looked on as wholly free from blame, while the effect on the spectator is undoubtedly demoralizing.

One of the stock characters to be denounced from the pulpit is "Pharaoh"—happy when he does not get spelled "Pharoah." In Egyptian history there are many Pharaohs; in the dialect of the pulpit there is only one. To make one Pharaoh answerable for the deeds of another is as unreasonable as to make one Cæsar answerable for the deeds of another—to father the crimes of Nero, for instance, on Marcus or Julian. But this does not greatly matter when a Scripture Character is to be improved to edification. The conventional Pharaoh is the Pharaoh who would not let the children of Israel go, *plus* the Pharaoh who caused their babes to be thrown into the river. The narrative in Exodus distinguishes the two as clearly as can be; at a certain stage of the story, it is said in so many words that "the King of Egypt died." And without such distinct statement, no one could believe, even with all allowance for patriarchal length of years, that the King to whom Moses was sent at the age of eighty was his own *quasi* grandfather, the father of the princess by whom he had been adopted. Yet, notwithstanding the impossibility, notwithstanding the direct statement the other way, the two are, we suspect, rolled into one in common belief, and it is certainly not uncommon to preach about them as one and the same. We have heard a sermon which was composed throughout on the supposition that the two Kings of Egypt were the same, but in which, at one stage, the preacher put in the qualification, "if these two Kings were the same." The effect was somewhat as if Cardinal Manning, the other day at Canterbury, when he was describing the disputes of Henry the Second with his Archbishop, had mixed up with them the disputes of Henry the First with his, adding the qualification, "if these Henries were the same." But the Cardinal, though labouring under the common delusion of his class that all the old worthies of England were believers in the cooked-up dogmas of yesterday, had at least got up the most obvious facts of his story. Our preacher, on the other hand, would seem not to have looked at the book of Exodus till his sermon was written. Then, it would seem, it stared him in the face that the single Pharaoh of his discourse was in truth two distinct Pharaohs. The manifest truth of the story called for so much of homage as might be set forth, in Richard the Third's phrase, by "his ands." But to have sacrificed the whole sermon to the mere truth of facts would have been too much, especially as the sermon contained one piece of analogy which might have done credit to more famous preachers. By water Pharaoh had sinned; by water he was to be punished. He who had thrown Hebrew children into the Nile was himself to be drowned in the Red Sea before the eyes of the rescued Hebrews. To be sure Egyptologists tell us that the Pharaoh himself was not drowned with his host; and any one who reads the narrative in Exodus with the care with which he most likely would read any narrative which is not in the Bible, will see that it is nowhere distinctly said that he was drowned. A careless reader would almost certainly take for granted that he was; but it is most certainly not said so. But it might be too much to expect a preacher to attend at all to such ungodly subtleties as this, fit only for the study of the text of pagan writers who have no spiritual application. It would certainly be too much to expect him to sacrifice to any such consideration the beautiful and instructive parallel about the sea and the river. Still there was the distinct statement of the history that the Pharaoh who was punished by water—for punished in any case he was by the loss of his army—was a different man from the Pharaoh who had sinned by water. Here came the trial. Was the beautiful illustration to be sacrificed to the facts of the case? That was more than the preacher could bring himself to. So the beautiful illustration was kept, and the facts were put off with an "if."

But this is not all that the unhappy Pharaoh has to undergo. He is always set up as a gazing-stock in the character of "blasphemer." He defies God; he says, "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice?" Now blasphemy in the strict sense, the reviling or defying of a divine being who is believed in as divine, is a vice of which modern England has no knowledge. But it has been, and we believe still is, not uncommon in the South of Europe. The Englishman curses and swears, but he does not, in the strict sense, blaspheme. But in Southern lands it is not uncommon for a man in any fit of ill-luck to revile God or the saints, as he might revile any earthly power that had dealt hardly with him. Some of the stories told of William Rufus amount to blasphemy in the strict sense; they imply belief in God's being, and yet defiance of Him. And it is mentioned, as one of the special virtues of St. Louis, that he never in any case used reviling to God or the saints. Now the preacher commonly uses Pharaoh as an example of blasphemy in this sense. He is partly led astray by the custom of our translators, by which, in imitation of Jewish, Greek, and Latin practice, they commonly substitute "Lord" for the proper name of the Deity. Pharaoh is made to defy a power which he acknowledges as "Lord." But what Pharaoh really says is quite different. A message is delivered to him in the name of "Jehovah the God of

the Hebrews," a description which most likely was altogether strange to him. He asks who the God of the Hebrews is; he believes in Osiris, Isis, and the rest of the Gods of the Egyptians; of the God of the Hebrews he knows nothing, and will not yield obedience in his name. The preacher may, if he likes, hold up the Egyptian King as one who refused to yield to evidence which ought to have convinced him that the God of the Hebrews was the true God. But of blasphemy after the manner of William Rufus even the stubborn Pharaoh is quite guiltless.

To take another instance, "careless Gallio" has passed into a proverb. "He cared for none of those things." What things? In sermons and proverbs he is the man who is careless about religion, who will not give it a moment's thought. He is careless in his personal capacity; he does not take heed to the things which concern his own soul. But the Gallio of the narrative in the Acts—to say nothing of his character as brother of Seneca—is quite another kind of person. He is a magistrate who does not care as he ought to have cared for a gross breach of the peace. He does not step in as he ought to have done to punish the grossest form of contempt of court done under his own eyes. We saw the other day a report of a Liberatorist meeting, where Gallio appeared in another light still. He was the model magistrate, who refused to interfere in the theological controversies of contending sects. So far, so good; but surely it is part of the duty of a magistrate to keep members of contending sects from beating one another, above all to keep them from beating one another in court. When the Jews charged the Christians with "worshipping God contrary to the law," the Proconsul felt much as a modern Judge would feel if he were suddenly called on to decide the controversies of General and Particular Baptists. He drove them from the judgment-seat, a little too scornfully perhaps, but without any breach of substantial justice. "Then all the Greeks took Sosthenes, the chief ruler of the synagogue, and beat him before the judgment-seat; and Gallio cared for none of those things." What things? Surely not the truths of Christianity, of which he had not heard a word, but the disgraceful uproar which was going on in his court, which he ought to have stopped, but did not. He cared for none of those things; he did not take the trouble to interfere to save the unhappy Sosthenes from his beating, or in truth to maintain the dignity of his own office. Let us suppose all the Protestants beating Cardinal Manning, or all the Papists beating Mr. Whalley, under the eyes of a judge or magistrate sitting in court, and the judge "caring for none of those things," doing nothing to save the victim of persecution; then we shall see what was the real fault of Gallio. The fault was a grievous one, but one quite different from that for which he is preached at; he is "careless Gallio" indeed, but careless in quite another way and about quite other things than those which have made him pass into a proverb.

There are plenty of other cases of the same kind. But here are two special ones, two most common ones, out of the Old and New Testaments severally. We have sometimes wished that our preachers would preach, not as Jews to Jews, but as Englishmen to Englishmen; but we really have our doubts. If men are to be misrepresented in sermons, perhaps it is as well that not Englishmen, but Jews, Egyptians, or Romans, should be chosen as the victims.

*Sordida fedatur, fœdante Johanne, gehenna,*

said the men of the thirteenth century. But we would not send even King John to the lower depth of being preached at as Pharaoh and Gallio have been preached at for so many ages.

#### THE MASONIC FESTIVAL.

THE Freemasons have met, paraded, cheered the Prince of Wales, dined together in various circles of mysterious honour, and gone home happy, as far as one can judge from the melodious utterances which were heard in the streets adjoining the hosteleries where they broke up for the night. Some of them perhaps may not have been quite so happy next morning, but heroic natures have consolation for headaches in the proud consciousness of great duties performed at any personal sacrifice. A published account of the hidden ceremonies of a fraternity sworn to secrecy obviously carries its own comment with it, and it is to be feared that the newspapers must have suborned agents who, if the old rules of this society were in force, would by this time have been found strewn about with daggers in their hearts, each with a paper attached to it inscribed "A warning to traitors." If these miscreants have any chance of a trial before execution, the best plea we can suggest for them is that the more the secret practices of the Freemasons are exposed the less likelihood will there be of any mystery being discovered. Possibly, however, it may turn out that the reports in the papers were simply fiction. Any one who happened to be in the South Kensington district after noon on Wednesday last would have seen streams of respectable-looking men clad in black, with white ties which set off to advantage their generally rubicund countenances, moving towards the Albert Hall. Nothing could be more decorous and inoffensive than their appearance, but a watchful eye could not fail to observe that each carried in his hand either a paper parcel, or a jappanned tin-box, or a bag, or that his coat-tail pockets bulged in an unnatural and suspicious manner. These were, in fact, the higher ranks of the Masonic body on their way to their rendezvous, their superiors having issued a decree that out-of-doors they should dispense



with decorations, and endeavour, as far as they could, to look merely like ordinary people—an effort in which, we should say from our own observation, most of them perfectly succeeded. They walked in the usual way on their legs, no magical influence interposed to prevent the dust from settling on their boots, they wiped the perspiration from their steaming brows, and partook of refreshment at convenient drinking-bars exactly as the common run of humanity has been seen to do on other occasions, when the weather was hot, and the sense of self-importance somewhat suffocating. Beyond the gates of the Hall, however, the eyes of the profane world could not follow them. Once or twice, it is said, there was a sudden explosion at the doors, followed by the violent discharge of an unhappy person, coatless and bareheaded, who was understood to have been, like the Claimant, a victim of insufficient evidence of identity in the character he had assumed.

As to what passed within the mysterious inner precincts, it is of course impossible to obtain any authentic intelligence. A Mason who is capable of betraying to the public the secret rites which, by every tie of honour and obedience, he is bound to conceal, is obviously unworthy of confidence, and is much more likely to be taking advantage of the reader's simplicity than telling the truth. On the other hand, it is possible, as we have before suggested, that the accounts of the proceedings in the Albert Hall are a pure invention of unscrupulous editors. The *Times* gives a somewhat prosaic version of the supposed doings, and the *Daily News* is guardedly archaeological. In the *Daily Telegraph* we naturally find what we expected to find. The lively imagination which has before now dragged from his lair the old savage of the desert, and to which we have more recently been indebted for the fight between Brumby and the dog, is again equal to the occasion. Any one, it is suggested, who "has visited the Coliseum by moonlight"—this, by the way, is an easier feat for a *Telegraph* writer, who has always the moon at command without reference to the almanack, than for other people—"and gazed upon its broken walls, as the silvery beams have danced and flickered in the grim ruins, and pictured to himself the majesty of the place when in Rome's best days it was filled with pleasure-seekers, the gallant courtiers and fair dames of the Eternal City," and all the rest of the well-known jargon, will have a faint idea of the splendour of the scene of Wednesday in the Albert Hall. And what, it may be asked, was this wonderful sight? "Tier after tier of seats, neatly divided off by gangways," "above the tiers, boxes with rows of five deep," and filled with "seven thousand brothers clad in collar, glove, and apron, sitting in rows." It rather spoils the reference to Rome's best days to find that no dames are present, but the writer seems to think that, after all, the only good of women is to infuse a little colour into society by their clothes, and that men, if gorgeously arrayed, answer the purpose just as well. "With scarcely an exception they wore collars of brightest blue, gauntlets of similar colour, and the aprons." "On their breasts, one and all, a thousand jewels glitter in the rays of the sun." These jewels are, it seems, "the reward of upright and worthy conduct in office," and are "of purest gold, curious in device, as often as not boasting emeralds or rubies,"—more often perhaps, we may suspect, imitations in glass—"and always making a brave show on the breasts of those who wear them. The uniform of a provincial grand officer is exceptionally gorgeous; it is of the darkest blue, edged with gold lace fringe and embroidered with emblems, and includes an imperial collar, with pendant trinkets. A Grand Steward blazes in crimson collar and apron. All these together made up "lines of crimson and gold, dark blue and gold, light blue and silver, jewelled breasts and countless insignia—all melting one into the other, and blending, and filling the vast Hall with a blaze of colour." Then there was a grand procession of the chief dignitaries of Masonry through the Hall, the Prince of Wales was led in, took the oaths kneeling, and was invested with the insignia of the supreme office in the craft. Lord Carnarvon, as Pro-Grand Master, made a speech in which he extolled Freemasonry for its human sympathies and charitable deeds; the Prince replied; and after endless presentations, a couple of hours had been spent, and the ceremony is over. In the evening there were dinners of the various lodges, more childish parade, and empty talk. But the "blaze of colour" was evidently the great object of the function.

It is not yet known what the Pope thinks of this singular demonstration, or whether on Wednesday last the floors of the Vatican shook with subterranean convulsions, plainly indicating the agencies at work. It is extremely unlikely, however, that His Holiness is so simple as to be mystified by the inventions of the newspapers. He will reason out the matter in his own mind, and will find it impossible to believe that a multitude of intelligent and educated Englishmen should come together from all parts of the country, and put themselves in such a state of excitement, for no other reason than to strut about for an hour or two in mystic privacy, dressed in gaudy clothes which they are ashamed to wear in the streets for fear of the laughter of little boys. The English, he will say, are a sensible, practical race, and there must surely be something behind all this which has a real and important meaning, and which is purposely hidden out of the way. It is impossible not to see how much is to be said in favour of this view. Nothing can be more profoundly amazing than the proceedings of the Freemasons as described in the newspapers. We are asked to believe that all these people turned out merely to look at each other, and to hear two or three vapid and utterly meaningless speeches. There is no reasonable person, not a Mason, who can have read the newspapers

on Thursday morning without wondering what all this fuss could really have been about. It would appear that the curiosity which has lately been excited by anticipations of this great function has led to the enrolment of a large number of new brethren, and it would be interesting to know what are now their impressions of the mysterious world into which they have been introduced. When we turn to the daily journals for a solution of the marvel, we do not obtain much help from their oracular utterances. The *Times* traces it to the "singular passion in human nature for anything in the form of order, association, and discipline"; but a taste for being called "Grand," or "Right Worshipful," and wearing tinsel trinkets such as would equally gladden the Sandwich Islanders, would seem to have also something to do with it. There is perhaps not much chance of foreign Governments adopting the recommendation of the *Times* to encourage Freemasonry as a security for the State. In this country "Charity and Loyalty" may be believed to be the essential principles of the order, and there can be no doubt that the members are well-meaning enough. But it might be rash to expect that secret societies, if freely tolerated, would necessarily produce equally innocuous results in countries which are politically more volcanic. The reason why Freemasons in England are so harmless may be suspected to be simply that they do not mean anything in particular except a desire to combine conviviality with fine clothes and big names, and an affectation of charitable sympathy which chiefly finds vent in frequent banquets. What would be simply dissipation with anybody else is thus glorified as a virtue. The *Daily News*, after a great deal of Egyptian and other ancient lore, arrives at the conclusion that some people join the Freemasons for the sake of getting something out of them, but that the source of its fascinations is mainly an "innate love of symbolism for its own sake." The *Standard* repeatedly asks itself what can be the mysterious principle of vitality which keeps Masonry going, and does not seem very clear as to the answer. All this doubt and perplexity, however, are not surprising when it is remembered that the late Duke of Sussex, who for many years bent his gigantic intellect to the study of the mystery, was once heard to say that he doubted whether anybody really understood Freemasonry, except himself and perhaps another man.

On the whole, the simplest explanation is perhaps, as often happens, the best. Nothing can be more natural than that Masonry should be particularly flourishing during a period when the great object of every one is to try to mark himself off from the common ruck of humanity by some badge of distinction, however trumpery or trivial. Anybody can be a Freemason who is of decent character and will pay a moderate subscription, and thereupon he finds himself hanging on at the tip of a tail that leads up at the other end to the Royal Family and the highest of the aristocracy, with the prospect that, with due diligence, he may himself one day become a Grand something or other, and wear no end of gorgeous tassels and jewels. A similar ambition is at the bottom of the Foresters, Odd Fellows, Convivial Buffaloes, and other working-men clubs; and even when external decorations are dispensed with, we may trace the influence of the same passion in that eager competition for the letters of scientific societies to stick at the end of a name which goes on among people to whom science is as much a mystic puzzle as Masonry. In another direction, the various classes of teetotallers are held together by the power of badges and titles. After all speculation has been exhausted, Freemasonry turns out to be a very commonplace affair in the midst of its pretensions and parade. It is quite possible for people to be thoroughly loyal and charitable in a plain everyday way, and in their everyday clothes. But the charm of a secret order is that the members lull themselves into the delightful belief that they are somehow of a superior caste to the rest of the world, with a monopoly of special virtues. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," and notwithstanding the spread of education, there is probably always pretty much the same amount of folly in the world, only it sometimes changes the channel by which it finds vent. The best that can be said in behalf of the body which has just been exhibiting itself is that a mob of Freemasons is more harmless than a mob of Kenealyites, but the ruling principle of self-assertion is pretty much the same in each case. Nobody has anything to say against the members of the "great and ancient Order" enjoying themselves in this way, or with any amount of babyish bedizenment and make-believe, but for their own sakes it is a pity that they are not so mysterious as they might be.

#### PROSPECTS OF ULTRAMONTANISM IN FRANCE.

THERE are obvious reasons why Ultramontanism should be in the ascendant in France just now. What in Germany is considered a symptom of disloyalty is, if only for that very reason, a badge of patriotism in the rival nation. Moreover the national traditions of the two countries point in precisely opposite directions. Germany has for centuries, before as well as since the Reformation, been in open or ill-concealed conflict with Rome, while France, notwithstanding her Gallican proclivities, has always gloried in the title of the eldest daughter of the Church. Nor is there less diversity of national temper than of national traditions. The laborious, plodding, independent intellect of the one people has far less in common with Ultramontane fervour than the imaginative idealism of the other. It is the natural result of this and kindred causes that the Old Catholic movement, which has attained to a

considerable success in Germany, should in France have found only a single prophet, who is now "uttering a new cry of alarm," but is likely to remain for the present as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. We are not speaking of Father Hyacinthe, who felt from the first that expatriation was an inevitable condition of giving effective utterance to his new convictions. Dr. Michaud is a man of far deeper learning, but without a tithe of the great ex-Carmelite's popular gifts. He wields however the pen of a ready writer; perhaps rather too ready, for his pen is very apt to run away with him. To some of his rapidly succeeding publications we have before now called attention. The latest of these, which has just appeared, under the title *De l'État Présent de l'Eglise Catholique-romaine en France*, shows no falling off in piquancy of style and positiveness of assertion. The Abbé Michaud is a man who has most unmistakably the courage of his convictions, and he has the further advantage—as it is for some controversial purposes—of being wholly incapable of seeing more than one side of a question. His cry of alarm at "the terrible dangers which menace France and the Church of Christ" is never checked for a moment in its shrill monotony by any passing suspicion that perils of a different, or even opposite, kind may possibly threaten the future either of his country or of the Church. We are far from meaning to imply that M. Michaud is a fanatic or a fool; he is, on the contrary, a man of considerable learning and ability, but he is, so to say, a born partisan. He would be invaluable as the mouthpiece of a political party—and his interest in politics is at least as keen as in theology—for he believes with all his heart and soul in the exclusive claims of the side he has espoused, and knows how to put forward its really strong points in the most telling way. Take, for instance, the following passage, which strikes the keynote of the present volume:—

Oui, je crois que le plus grand ennemi de la France est le catholicisme-romain d'aujourd'hui, soit parce qu'il est la contradiction même du catholicisme véritable, c'est-à-dire du christianisme universel et intégral, soit parce qu'il n'est propre qu'à entretenir dans les âmes le fanatisme, l'ignorance, la superstition et l'hypocrisie, soit parce qu'il est opposé, en principe et en fait, à la véritable science et à la civilisation, soit parce qu'il s'oppose, dans leur fondement même, les libertés nécessaires des gouvernements et des peuples modernes.

He has but one model before him, he assures us with evident sincerity, and that is Christ chasing the buyers and sellers out of the Temple, and pointing out to mankind the Pharisees, the hypocrites of the country.

The most really interesting and valuable part of the volume is the preface, where the author is dealing with historical matter in which he is quite at home, and where he speaks calmly and to the purpose. We cannot help wishing that he would devote more of his time to this class of subjects, which few French theologians are equally competent to handle, and not fritter away so much of his energies on mere pamphleteering, which may produce a momentary sensation, but can leave no permanent impression behind. He begins by criticizing the famous Declaration of the French Clergy in 1682, and observes justly enough that after all the Gallicanism of Bossuet was too degenerate a kind of theology to bear the test of historical or philosophical criticism, and that the Four Articles were a compromise, taken in one sense by the Bishops and divines, and in another and purely Erastian sense by the legists, who interpreted them, according to the well-known phrase of Fleury, into "the servitudes of the Gallican Church." This gave a great advantage to the Pope in his contention against them, as he could always enlist on his side, not only Ultramontane zeal, but the sympathies of those who honestly desired to adhere to the ecclesiastical principles of the early ages. But the final blow was given to Gallicanism, both in its good and its bad sense, by Napoleon I. in his Concordat with Pius VII. M. Michaud is clearly right in saying that the peremptory order sent by that Pontiff to the French Bishops to resign their sees within a short interval, and the prompt deprivation of the twenty-six who refused compliance, were acts sufficient to transform his primacy into an absolute monarchy. And there is abundant evidence in his own recorded words (the "*peut-être*" may be safely dropped) that Napoleon wished the Church to become an absolute monarchy, in the hope of making himself its virtual ruler, by using the spiritual authority of the Pope as an instrument of political domination. No fresh proof of the fact was needed; but it is interesting to have the explicit testimony of the brave and saintly prelate who sacrificed his life for his flock on the barricades of Paris in 1848. In a treatise on the controversy between Ultramontanes and Gallicans, Mgr. Affré says:—

Rien de plus certain d'abord, dit-il, que l'ultramontanisme outré imposé au pape à l'époque et dans la rédaction du Concordat de 1801. Le pape croyait sans doute qu'un grand acte d'autorité lui était nécessaire pour sauver l'Eglise de France, après la tempête qui venait de la renverser. Mais le pape ne croyait pas que cette tempête si désastreuse et qui avait amoncelé tant de ruines, l'autorisât à déposer les évêques, qui avaient bien mérité de l'Eglise, ni à détruire certains droits, certaines libertés canoniques, utiles et compatibles d'ailleurs avec la nouvelle situation de la France. Qui lui créa cette nécessité plus impérieuse qu'elle ne devait l'être naturellement? Quel pouvoir vint rendre plus dures les exigences déjà si terribles, créées par des événements inouïs? L'auteur de cette nécessité fut le gouvernement consulaire; c'est lui qui contraignit le pape à déployer un pouvoir plus grand qu'il n'aurait voulu l'exercer, et qui le justifia en le rendant nécessaire. C'est lui qui, menaçant de jeter la France dans le protestantisme ou dans le schisme, exigea que le pouvoir pontifical fût plus ultramontain qu'il ne l'avait jamais été depuis dix-huit siècles, qui lui demanda impérieusement de sacrifier toutes nos libertés et de s'élever au-dessus de tous les canons: qui ne se contenta pas de faire enregistrer la bulle qui consacrait ce sacrifice, qui appliquait ce pouvoir sans limites, mais qui voulut encore convertir en loi de l'Etat cette bulle à jamais mémorable. . . Un droit indirect sur la couronne lui fut également reconnu.

This short preface, as we have already observed, is the best part of M. Michaud's book. But his main theme is the present position and future prospects of the "essentially political Ultramontane and Jesuit party which now dominates the French Church." There is no doubt much truth in what he alleges on these points, nor is it easy to exaggerate the wild extravagance of modern French Ultramontanism. Only a twelvemonth ago Bishop Dupanloup felt himself constrained to issue a trenchant pastoral against the follies of the prophecy and miracle-mongers. On the other hand, the Pope has just directed, if we may credit a recent telegram, that special prayers—which are said "obviously to stigmatize the Old Catholics"—shall be used on June 16 next, the two hundredth anniversary of the miraculous vision of Margaret Mary Alacoque, on which we said something two years ago at the time of the Paray-le-Monial pilgrimage (*Saturday Review*, August 16, 1873). But on the excesses, not to say eccentricities, of French Ultramontanism M. Michaud can have little new to say. His professed aim is to strike a balance between the strength and weakness of Ultramontanism, and thus to determine the precise nature of the situation. And here he shows himself decidedly happier in his estimate of facts than in his inferences, where the wish is somewhat too obtrusively allowed to become father to the thought. His ardent Republican sympathies combine with his almost fanatical hatred of Rome and the Jesuits to obscure, if not to distort, his judgment. Thus, when he places first among the existing advantages of Ultramontanism the support accorded to it, from different motives, by all the three monarchical parties, the Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists, he has a solid basis of fact to rest upon. But it is quite another matter when he summarily puts aside this element of strength as a factor in the question at issue by the remark that "none of these three parties has any future in France," inasmuch as, after the model of the Kilkeny cats, they are sure to destroy one another, and therefore "monarchy in France is dead, because it is triple." It would be obvious to reply that the "triple" at all events must come to an end within a limited period in the course of nature, and that many conceivable circumstances might occur to decide conclusively, for the time at least, between the other two rival claimants to the throne. But it is sufficient to observe that many politicians whose judgment is fully as good as M. Michaud's do not share his anticipations, and that all dogmatizing on the subject is, at the very best, an insecure basis for any further train of argument. Still weaker is his reply to the second proof alleged for the strong position of Ultramontanism, based on the irreligion or religious indifference of the Republicans, which leaves a clear field for the only form of faith favoured by their opponents. To this argument the author opposes a string of gratuitous predictions. "If the Republicans commit this great mistake now, nothing proves that they will always do so," or that they will not always do so, we may add; "they will be forced to unite against their most terrible enemy, Ultramontanism, as many allies as possible," and therefore "to promote the establishment of an anti-Ultramontane Catholicism in France"—all which, to say the least, requires to be qualified by a *peut-être*. Moreover, on no previous occasion, from the first Revolution downwards, has French Republicanism recognized this alleged necessity of securing the assistance of a purified and Liberal Catholicism. It is perfectly true, no doubt, as is urged a little further on, that "the Republican party is essentially anti-Ultramontane," but then there is the obvious retort that "the Republicans are none the more for that partisans of Reformed Catholicism, being mostly unbelievers or Atheists." And the answer given to this objection is an amusing example of the writer's eagerness to clutch at any straw which may serve to show that the stream is flowing in a right direction. M. Morin, the editor of the *Rappel*, he tells us, died the other day, and sent for a priest to administer the last consolations of religion; whence it follows that the atheism and irreligion of the Republicans is only skin-deep. We will not pause to observe that one swallow does not make a summer, or to inquire whether the priest who attended M. Morin in his last moments was not—as in all probability he was—an Ultramontane. But M. Michaud might surely have reflected that the case he quotes can at most only prove that some Republicans believe more than they care to profess, or repent of their unbelief on their death-bed. It certainly does not prove their preference of Old Catholicism to Ultramontanism, or, as the author puts it, "that between them and the true Catholics there is only an immense misunderstanding based on mere logomachies." Still less is such a notion borne out by the tone of the Republican press. The *République Française* (M. Gambetta's organ) "does sometimes," it is admitted, "publish very regrettable articles, Pagan in the worst sense of the word," but then it also publishes many pages of a different kind, and it may improve hereafter. It may, of course; but as M. Michaud has not offered any illustrations of the "regrettable" type of article in which it not unfrequently indulges, we will venture to supply a specimen, which was reprinted a year or two ago in the *Times*. "Christianity has fatally disorganized civilization, and its advent may be defined as 'the first invasion of the barbarians.' Now all the merit of the barbarians was to arrive at the point where there should be no more barbarians; in the same way the advantage of Christianity is to arrive at the point where there will be neither Pagans nor Christians, but freethinkers, definitely liberated from every God." Most Christians will agree that this passage is "regrettable," and nobody will deny that it is somewhat redolent of "Paganism"; but it does not sound auspiciously for the conversion of the *République Française* into an organ of Old Catholic orthodoxy.



We cannot of course follow M. Michaud through his eleven points which tell—and tell pretty heavily, it must be allowed—in favour of the Ultramontane programme in France. But we may just notice the three attenuating circumstances, so to call them, which he urges on the other side, and which curiously illustrate the tendency even of an acute writer of very decided bias to read his own meaning into the facts. He first insists that the Ultramontanes are but a small minority in France, in proof of which is cited Mgr. Dupanloup's complaint that out of 120 students at the higher normal school scarcely ten practise the duties of their religion. That may be some evidence of the progress of infidelity, but surely not of any form of Catholicism. In the next place we are assured that not only are Ultramontanes quite in a minority, but they are at issue with "the public conscience," though not with the present fashion in France. It is difficult to gauge the accuracy or force of this statement, which may be taken for what it is worth. Not so with the third and last consideration propounded, which is a truly marvellous specimen of reasoning:—"How many Roman Catholics are such only by the accident of birth, or by the *convenances* or exigencies of their position, or out of human respect, or by mere habit and routine?" Granted; but did it never occur to the author to ask himself to how many members of every religious body, Christian or other, just the same criticism might be applied? Are there no members of the various Protestant communions who must be accounted, if we subject their motives to the same rigid scrutiny, to be such by the accident of birth or interest or habit rather than by deliberate conviction? Or, to take the Church which is confessedly the object of M. Michaud's warmest reverence and affections, are there no adherents of Eastern Christianity who are "Orthodox" instead of Ultramontane because they happened to have been born in Russia instead of in Italy or France? It is strange that a really clever writer should mistake such hair-splitting for argument. It is more than strange that a writer of M. Michaud's character and learning should condescend to the threadbare twaddle of an Exeter Hall May meeting:—"Papal Rome will fall as Pagan Rome fell; the cases are strictly analogous. The majority of the priests of the one are like the majority of the augurs of the other." We expect this sort of thing from Dr. Cumming and Mr. Whalley; we have a right to expect something better from Dr. Michaud. If he is tempted to complain that we speak as apologists of Ultramontaniam, we can only reply that we have a weakness for sound reasoning and fair play, and have a decided objection to one Ultramontane peculiarity which he has borrowed or retained, and that is, acting on the mischievous notion that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. One may reasonably regret that Bishops like Dupanloup and Maret, who made so vigorous a stand against Vaticanism at the Council, should have so completely shifted their ground since, and that no response should come from the French border to the trumpet call which has sounded so loudly on the opposite bank of the Rhine. But it is not difficult to account for this without recognizing the inherent validity of Ultramontane pretensions, and it is always safer to look facts boldly in the face. No prudent thinker would commit himself to any confident prediction about the political future of France, and to build on such predictions the confident assurance of a coming religious transformation is simply to pile up one unproved hypothesis on another.

#### A MILITARY HARBOUR ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST.

BY some inscrutable process of calculation Mr. Hardy has ascertained that the British fleet is equal to an army of 300,000 men, and he will probably admit that the strength either of fleet or army depends on a sufficient basis of operation. The naval power of Europe is likely in future years to be distributed somewhat differently from what it has been, and we shall probably be compelled to revert to the ideas and precautions of the age, not of Howe and Nelson, but of Blake and Monk. If we run the eye along our coasts and observe the positions of our military harbours, we shall find that they indicate what history shows, the decline of Holland and the rise of France as the centre of gravity of the naval system likely to oppose our own in Europe. We need not speak of the harbours that everybody knows, but rather of those which are partially forgotten. In a recent discussion at the United Service Institution, Admiral Collinson remarked that Harwich would not take a large ironclad. It is a sixteen-foot harbour at low water, and there is only twelve feet rise and fall, and consequently, with the narrow turn going into it, it is not fit to be used for a heavy-draught ironclad. In the olden time Hollesley Bay was much frequented by our ships, and it forms a good roadstead and is easy of access. Then, going up the coast, we come to that celebrated roadstead Yarmouth, and the changes in the sands opposite that town have been so great during the last two years that it is not fit for an ironclad to go into from the southern side. Formerly ships could approach it through the Cocker Gateway and go out through St. Nicholas Gateway; but within the last year St. Nicholas Gateway has shoaled, and when the fleet went in the other day they were compelled to go out by the Cocker Gateway, and even here there are some patches of twenty-three feet dispersed over it, which, with only six feet rise and fall, would render it hazardous for a heavy ship to attempt to enter. Then comes the Humber, and, so far as ironclads are concerned, it is not a safe place. The reach runs straight up from the sea, and you could not calculate upon being able to go

alongside a coal-hulk in the Humber with the wind anything between north-east and south-east. The bubble of the sea would be so great that you could not lay alongside to coal. As for the Tyne, no ironclad would attempt to go in there. The narrowness of the entrance and the strength of the tide render it a port unfit for heavy-draught or long ships, and there is nothing between the Thames and the Frith of Forth in which a large ironclad could calculate on coaling with certainty. Admiral Collinson, therefore, holds that the time has come when it is necessary that a harbour should be made on the East coast. Vessels must be supplied with fuel. If they are not, their efficiency is gone; yet there is no place where they can get coals with certainty from Sheerness to the Frith of Forth. As to the closed harbours, such as the Downs, and Yarmouth Roads, and Hollesley Bay, which are spoken of as places where ships can take refuge from a superior fleet, it is to be observed that, if a superior fleet drives an inferior one into such a place, the batteries on shore cannot protect the latter with the same efficiency as if they were in an artificial harbour where the guns would be outside the ships.

These remarks arose upon the discussion of a paper by Sir John Coode, C.E., on "Military and Refuge Harbours," which proposed Filey Bay as the best site for the artificial harbour which was generally admitted to be necessary. Sir John Coode is well known as the constructor of the great military harbour of Portland, and he has frequently recommended Filey Bay for the site of a harbour of refuge for commercial purposes. But although such a harbour is very necessary, there would be small hope of inducing any Government to undertake it. Now, however, the same site offers itself to supply a manifest necessity of the age, and although we do not assume that this site will be selected, we have little doubt that work will be commenced on some site as soon as our rulers have learned to view the matter as it appears to military eyes. If a fleet is worth 300,000 men, what is the value of a fleet with an effective base of operations? When Mr. Hardy has solved that problem, he will probably be ready to expend 1,000,000*l.* at Filey or elsewhere on the East coast. The necessity of some such work, if it did not otherwise appear, would be shown by reference to Sir John Coode's description of the harbour and naval establishment of Wilhelmshafen on the western shore of the estuary of the River Jahde on the North Sea, immediately to the westward of the River Weser. To make his description more real and pleasant, Sir John Coode mentions that Wilhelmshafen is just the same distance from Flamborough Head that Edinburgh is from London. However, Filey Bay is just north of Flamborough Head, and if we had a naval station there, we should be as near to possible rivals as they would be to us, and, unless British seamanship is greatly altered, it ought therewith to be contented. It would, indeed, be a revival of the ancient antagonism between Yarmouth and the Texel, which grew out of similar circumstances, and died away when they ceased. But unless we can conceive the Texel without Yarmouth, we shall hardly leave for any length of time Wilhelmshafen without such a counterpoise as Filey. There is now at Wilhelmshafen an outer harbour, 720 ft. long by 340 ft. wide, covered by two piers; immediately to the westward of this there is an inner harbour 600 ft. in length and 400 in width; there is then a harbour canal 3,920 ft. in length and 216 ft. in width, connecting the outer harbour with the naval establishment, a larger basin 1,200 ft. long and 700 ft. wide. Around this basin are arranged the various workshops and stores, with three dry docks, having 30 ft. of water over the cills, and capable of receiving first-rate ironclads, such as the *Minotaur*, also ships adapted for constructing and repairing ironclads, with steam factories, &c. These works have been constructed under peculiar difficulties. The excavations have been made in low swampy lands, which had first to be protected from the sea by dykes. Artesian wells had to be sunk to the depth of 900 ft. to procure water for the supply of the establishment. The expenditure up to 1869 was 1,500,000*l.* During the French war the Prussian fleet lay at Wilhelmshafen, the enemy not venturing to approach.

It was assumed in the discussion of this paper that the political changes which have taken place may soon raise Germany into a very prominent and formidable naval Power, and therefore it is morally certain that at some future day the British Government will adopt the proposal for a harbour at Filey. Indeed one speaker quoted Lord Carlingford as having said in the House of Commons that, if ever Germany rose to any prominence as a naval Power, the Government would be prepared to embark in the necessary expenditure to form a port at Filey, but he was not then prepared to introduce such a measure for mere commercial purposes. The commercial utility of a harbour at Filey has been often demonstrated, and the vast trade of the North-East coast deserves all the protection that our navy can give to it. We must remember that our dockyards are still defective in large wharfs with accommodation for men-of-war in war-time and considerable depth of water in all states of the tide. Time will be the essential object, and we might have fifteen or twenty ships coming to a naval station, and requiring at least to lay alongside a wharf. We should also require hundreds of yards of wharfage with deep water at all times of the tide at several points along the coast for the embarkation of stores and troops. We have got little enough of such accommodation, and could well bear the addition to be made at Filey. Such works as are proposed can only be constructed slowly. The preliminary works at Portland were begun in 1847, and the Breakwater was finished in 1871. But of course much more rapid progress

than this could be made if desired. The total cost of the Breakwater and Harbour Works at Portland was 1,033,000*l.*, and the rough work was done by convicts, who quarried the stone on the island, whence it was run down on trucks and tipped into the sea. The defences of Portland comprise several powerful works. The Verne citadel at the summit of the island is a fort of extraordinary strength. Below the Verne on the eastern slopes of the island are earthwork batteries mounting heavy guns. At the end of the outer breakwater a powerful iron fort is being constructed to guard the entrance to the harbour. Thus Portland has become a strategic harbour adequate to the necessities of modern warfare. It was intended as a counterpoise to Cherbourg, and we cannot help the fact that a new Power now divides the attention which for many years was absorbed by France alone.

We shall grow sensitive about Wilhelmshafen just as our fathers grew sensitive about Antwerp and Flushing when those places were in Napoleon's hands. The danger which was involved in the fortifications of Antwerp and Flushing was very present to the English people, and immunity in that respect seemed then more desirable than victory at a distance. This was the motive of the expedition of 1809, which has been denounced, with the wisdom that follows the event, as a dissipation of England's military resources. We know that, if troops had been sent to Spain, they would have been well employed, because our only capable general was there; and we know also that troops sent to Walcheren were certain to be badly employed, because we placed them under a general of remarkable incapacity. However, such a powerful armament could not help taking Flushing, and the importance of that place, armed as it was, may now be better realized by imagining it in the hands of a powerful Continental dynasty, with batteries sufficiently strong to protect the anchorage in front, and with a fleet riding there within a few hours of the English coast. This view of the expedition of 1809 which rendered Flushing harmless has been well stated by Captain Duncan in his *History of the Royal Artillery*, and he thus becomes an unconscious witness of much weight to the necessity of a military harbour on the North-East coast.

#### OUR HORSES.

THE British recruit, with his narrow chest and his spindle shanks, begins to become a bore, and it is refreshing for a single night to hear of the country going to the dogs in a new way. The proud Prussian is quietly working our ruin, "horse, foot, and dragons," as the saying is, and one part of his plan is to buy our breeding sires at whatever prices we put upon them, and take them from us. The commissions of his buyers are practically unlimited, and their instructions are never to miss anything of the right sort. They therefore scour the country in every direction, and buy up the finest sires they can get, at prices with which it is impossible for private enterprise to compete. Since the time when the gold of Pitt raised the price of bread in Paris, there has been no plot so dark, so uncomeatable as this. In a few rare instances, indeed, enlightened patriotism, directing ample means, has foiled the invader's arts. By the patriotic exertions of a number of private gentlemen, Blair Athol was bought for 12,000*l.*, after the Prussian agent had bid 11,500*l.* It may be thought, perhaps, that patriotic gentlemen, belonging usually to one or other House of Parliament, and carrying purses, might pervade the country and repeat the Blair Athol *coup* whenever necessary; and now that the Conservatives are in, and there is an end of all that vile nonsense about economy, the purses may be filled out of the Treasury, and Bismarckian tactics effectually baffled. This is probably the sort of view that some members of the Conservative party took of the duty of its leaders, but we need hardly say that Mr. Disraeli gave no countenance at all to the notion that the Treasury ought to bid against the Prussians. The military aspect of the question is of course, under present circumstances, most insisted on. It may be true that the British cavalry and artillery are not so well mounted as they should be. Every prudent means ought to be taken to encourage the breeding of suitable horses, but we cannot reckon among prudent means the establishment of national studs which would be certain to come to costly grief. After all, however, as an invasion would suspend business, it is difficult to believe that enough suitable horses would not be forthcoming for military purposes. It must be felt, too, that the real necessity of the case is bayonets. If we had enough of them, and of the right sort, the emissaries of Bismarck might scatter gold in every horse-fair in England. It is not foreign gold, but iron, that needs to be prepared against. Mr. Disraeli seems to suggest that, although Government can do nothing, members of the Conservative party can do much for "the future of England," and it is easy to see how a patriotic nobleman may at once serve his country and strengthen his own interest in the State. Let it be known that Lord So-and-So bought the stallion John Bull against the foreign bidder, and that farmers in the district where his Lordship lives are allowed the services of that gifted animal at a moderate figure. My Lord would be doing something for "the future of England," and something also for the interest of any son or nephew who might happen to desire to sit for the county at a future time. If it is feared that Conservatives might thus gain a new footing of power in the counties, comfort may be derived from remembering that there are Liberal peers who know something about racehorses. If we may venture to raise for a moment the veil which properly covers in general the private in-

terests and feelings of public men, we would notice that the death of Sir Joseph Hawley is reported to have disqualified a Derby colt which belongs to the Leader of the Opposition. The qualifications of Lord Hartington for the post of Leader gradually disclose themselves, and even Radical Dissenters, who do not attend races, must own, if they are wise, that it is well that "the future of England" should not be wholly committed to Conservatives. Mr. Disraeli hopes that the gentlemen of England will be animated to the discharge of their duties by the late debate, and will consider that there are other useful animals to produce besides racehorses. Some of these gentlemen may perhaps think that they have done already as much as they well know how. There is the Four-in-Hand Club and the Coaching Club, and there are stage-coaches running out of London in the summer months carrying the public at unremunerative rates to pleasant towns in the home counties, and sometimes "tooled" by members of that class to which Mr. Disraeli looks to do what Government cannot undertake. It used to be said that one of the duties of a landowner was to keep his pocket full of acorns. In our day a new duty of a similar character discloses itself, and if this duty is more burdensome, landowners are richer than they used to be.

But there are some aspects of this question to which neither argument nor ridicule can be effectually opposed. "That perfect animal Faugh-a-Ballagh was allowed to leave this country," and Mr. Disraeli's confidence in "the future of England" means perhaps that he thinks England can get on without Faugh-a-Ballagh; but then Mr. Disraeli's opinion on such a point is of little value. It may, however, be hoped that now that the aristocracy under Mr. Disraeli's teaching is rousing itself to a sense of public duty, our next Faugh-a-Ballagh—when we get one—will not be allowed to leave a country which can so ill spare him. Not that a prohibition of exportation is likely to be proposed; but whenever it becomes known that the greatest horse of the day is coming to the hammer, people will stir betimes at the news, and will ask themselves what is the meaning of Conservative principles and Conservative reaction, and an Association will be formed of three or four moneyed men, probably members of either House of Parliament, and the mighty foreigner will be outbidden, and the greatest horse of the day will remain in his country for his country's good. In the absence of any fresh declaration of international law, it may be assumed that the foreigner cannot buy our horses unless we put them up to sale, nor unless he is the best bidder at the auction. It is difficult to make any proposal to meet Mr. Chaplin's views, except that money might be voted for prizes in horse-breeding, and that would be fanatically opposed. The scarcity of horses which was so much complained of three years ago has already encouraged breeding operations, and the movement is likely to go further. But this is a question of demand and supply which cannot be treated on any but ordinary principles of trade. Horse-breeding is necessarily more uncertain than mutton- or beef-breeding, and Mr. Sturt represented the experience of other breeders besides himself when he told the House that he put his three mares to three first-class stallions at a hundred guineas each, and they had not a foal among them. But there are prizes, and big ones, as well as blanks. Mr. Sturt tells us that in 1825 there was a little mare that belonged to a country apothecary at Newmarket, and her vocation was to go up one street and down another, leaving pills and what not. Well, this little mare of nominal value produced in three consecutive years three of the best animals of their respective years—namely, Rubens, Selim, and Castrel. It must, however, be observed that Newmarket has exceptional advantages, and Mr. Sturt's story supposes neither a miracle nor an application of that system of "bodies of travelling sires wandering about under inspection in different parts of the country" which Mr. Chaplin is understood to recommend. But the story shows that much good is done by stealth, and if country gentlemen, and especially what Sir H. Johnstone calls "the new country gentlemen who have of late years accumulated enormous wealth," would accept his advice and keep good horses for the benefit of their tenants and the neighbourhood, why then we should see what we should see. The function of Government in this matter seems to be confined to keeping itself supplied with horses for military purposes, and adequate prices will in time tempt breeders. No description by Mr. Chaplin or other of the advantages of German breeding-studs will produce the slightest effect on the Treasury Bench. But when an actual profit of 110,000*l.* a year is offered to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he will betray life and consciousness by feeling that his pocket is securely buttoned. Neither directly nor indirectly will he part with public money. Not even a small annual sum for prizes can be extracted from him. Consider, says Mr. Chaplin, the nature and operation of prizes. Owners would have inducements held out to them to retain their mares in the country, and the best stallions would be the means of securing such a number of prizes as to become very valuable property, "so that their owners would be disposed to refuse the large sums for them which they were accustomed to receive when they were bought by foreigners." There never surely was such a subject as this of horses. Almost the only certainty that enters into it is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has his pocket buttoned. A farmer, or small country gentleman, would gain several prizes for a stallion, and he "would be disposed" to keep the horse thus honoured, and refuse the price which the ubiquitous foreigner with his money-bags would be sure to offer for him. We do not say that such patriotism would not occur, but the very point of Mr. Chaplin's speech is to assume its non-existence or insufficiency.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Academy has of late years fallen into a steady-going routine, not to say decadence, which could scarcely have been deemed possible at the time when Burlington House was supposed to promise a great career for British art. Yet people best acquainted with the attitude always assumed by the Academy are now among those who, expecting nothing, can never be disappointed. Accordingly, this hundred-and-seventh Exhibition is just what beforehand might have been looked for; it is not superlatively good, it is not positively bad; it is simply mediocre; in other words, not materially better or worse than its immediate predecessors. Pretty much the same painters are again in the field; forty Academicians and twenty Associates possess vested rights of which they avail themselves largely, though not quite exhaustively or exclusively. The "Outsiders" once again deserve warm thanks for the infusion of young blood, and for much enterprise in the way of rushing headlong into untried spheres. Novelty is thus introduced into the midst of monotony, and the hangers of the year show worldly wisdom when they place on "the line" genius in its first outburst as a foil to force up veterans such as Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., Mr. Cooper, R.A., Mr. Cope, R.A., Mr. Hart, R.A., Mr. C. Landseer, R.A., Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A., and Mr. Thornburn, A.R.A. It has long been plain that the Academy cannot, unaided from without, produce works of a nobility in conception, of a truth to nature, or of a skill in execution which will command the consideration, we will not say of critics only, but of patrons, connoisseurs, and men of high-trained intellect. It therefore becomes almost a matter of life and death that the outlying and incoming talent of the country shall be welcomed, if not precisely with open arms, at least with even-handed justice. And we are glad to say that, notwithstanding some painful cases to the contrary, the present exhibition shows a desire to fulfil the obligations to universal art involved in an Academy possessing a royal charter. Central or prominent places have been accorded to Messrs. Linnell, father and sons, to Mr. Long, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Henry Wallis, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Alfred Hunt, and others no less deserving.

We shall devote this introductory article to a general synopsis of the contents of the Exhibition—in other words, to a selection of the works best worth retaining in memory on a first visit. We may mention that our entrance was at a moment when the sky was clear and the sun bright; thus the general effect proved unusually light and joyous. In fact, whatever may be the ultimate judgment from a severe point of view, we think our readers will not differ from us when we pronounce the present Exhibition particularly diversified and pleasing.

Galleries Nos. I. and II. open quietly and cheerfully as an introduction to more serious performances. Mr. Millais, R.A., at once meets the eye with perhaps the master landscape of the year; indeed, "The Fringe of the Moor" (74) will rank as his most faithful study of nature, not excepting "Chill October" of a by-gone season. Another chief centre is "The Sculpture Gallery" (261), by Mr. Alma Tadema, a work which, though mentioned in these columns a year ago when in the Paris Salon, we shall find occasion to speak of again, especially as what was then unfinished is now carried out to completeness. Gallery No. II. falls as usual a little flat. The vast "Testimonial Hunt-picture" (112), by Mr. Wells, R.A.—a work which, we are ashamed to say, we at first sight mistook for a washed-out canvas by Sir Francis Grant—is infinitely inferior to "Volunteers at Firing-point," which some years ago obtained for Mr. Wells distinction in the Academy. Also, in Gallery II., we may mark for favourable notice "The Bearers of the Burden" (101), by Mr. Boughton; "The Barber's Prodigy" (107), by Mr. Burgess; "A Minuet" (125), by Mr. Val Prinsep; "Sain et Sauf" (130), by Mr. Marcus Stone; "The Jolly Post-boys" (166), by Mr. Marks, A.R.A.; and a landscape, grand in conception, "The Heavens declare the Glory of God" (128), by Mr. Raven. The last, of course, aims at grave sublimity. Yet, on the whole, we have been struck with the tendency to simplicity and light-heartedness. Venerable Academicians, high and dry, may still cherish a devotion for dark tones; but, for the most part, the mission of art seems now to be to throw sunshine into life. Year by year pictures in a light key are displayed here in springtime, as if in studious contrast to the sombre canvasses of the Old Masters in the Winter Exhibition.

The Great Gallery, which this day becomes the dining-hall of the Academy and of its guests, has been usually taken as the severest test of strength or of weakness. On the present occasion, possibly the best has been made of the materials at command, yet, out of three centres required for decoration, only one has been efficiently filled. "Rachel and her Flock" (218), by Mr. Goodall, R.A., may be counted as among the very few gold nuggets in that Academic conglomerate of dross which has a prescriptive right to the first stratum in this *salle d'honneur*. "Outsiders," such as Mr. Long or Mr. Herkomer, could have added vastly to the *éclat* of the dinner-table this day, but genius is dangerous on walls reserved expressly for Academicians. On the whole, however, the Great Gallery does not look wholly bad, notwithstanding such blots as "The Marriage of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg" (176), by M. Chevalier. The pictures for observation are "The Early Post" (191), by Mr. Sant, R.A.; "The School Revisited" (196), by Mr. Leslie, A.R.A.; "The Crown of Love" (214), by Mr. Millais, R.A. We would specially point to "The Golden Age" (236), by Mr. Poynter, A.R.A.,

as one of the very few compositions noble and artistic by study of symmetric line, and by obedience to laws known to the old masters, but now almost lost.

The climax reached in the Great Gallery is usually allowed to subside a little in Galleries IV. and V. Here, however, is perhaps the most remarkable portrait of the year, that of "Sir Moses Montefiore" (290), by Mr. Richmond, R.A.; also to be remembered are "The Portrait in the Costume of the Sixteenth Century" (318), by Mr. Pettie, R.A.; "A Venetian Girl" (354), by Mr. Leighton, R.A.; "Sandy Cove" (369), by Mr. Cooke, R.A.; and "The Sapphire Gatherer" (439), by Mr. Hook, R.A.

Next comes the "Sculpture Gallery," after which interlude pictorial art, during the present as in previous years, gathers renewed strength in Gallery No. VI. Here hang in conspicuous centres, and as contrasts on opposite walls, two of the most memorable pictures we have seen for many a season. One is "Julian the Apostate presiding at a Conference of Sectarians" (518), a severely historic scene, taken by Mr. Armitage, R.A., from the graphic description in Chap. XXIII. of Gibbon. This stands as the master-work of a painter who in England represents the school of Delaroche. Opposite to it hangs a "Babylonian Marriage-Market" (482), by Mr. Long, a painter who, having been kept waiting on the confines of the Academy, now should win an entrance. We cannot but observe with commendation how a subject somewhat difficult and doubtful has been here treated with refined delicacy. M. Gérôme would have made the situation simply repulsive. Gallery VII. will provoke controversy chiefly by the picture which Mr. Watts, R.A., has been pleased to dedicate "to all the Churches" (584). This novel composition happens to occupy the identical position held a few seasons ago by the much-criticized "Cain," also by Mr. Watts.

"The Lecture Room" is again a refuge for miscellanies, corresponding possibly to the heterogeneous and haphazard doctrines preached habitually by Academicians and other professors within the walls. Here the picture which as a matter of course provokes most comment is Miss Thompson's "28th Regiment at Quatre Bras" (853). This lady won rather too much praise last year; we certainly do not think that she will now improve her position. Yet we shall gladly pay our tribute to her talents when space permits.

The remaining galleries visitors seem to run over rather too rapidly, as if they were tired out. But even in a cursory notice the following works should find a place:—"Turner's Calais Pier—etching in two states of the plate" (1087), by Mr. Seymour Haden; "Outside the Harbour" (1176), by Mr. Henry Moore; and "Summer Days for Me" (1199), by Mr. Alfred Hunt. There seems to have been an effort on the part of the hangers to make compensation for the injury done to landscape art in former years. Great indeed would have been the scandal if Mr. Brett's "Channel Islands" (497) had not been honoured with "the line." Without intending any invidious distinction, we would simply refer the spectator from the brilliancy of Mr. Brett to the heavy opacity of Mr. Vicat Cole, A.R.A., in the "Isle of Skye" (513).

As to portraits, which from time immemorial have been deemed a grievance, we have much to be thankful for. Aldermen, Lord Mayors, and the like, sink for once into insignificance, and in their place are names which are at all events associated with more or less of intellectual eminence. Here are heads which the public will gladly recognize of Mr. Robert Browning, Professor Blackie, Mr. Darwin, Sir Edward Sabine, Mr. Forster, Mr. Theodore Martin, and others. We think it rather cruel that Mr. Gladstone (516), as painted by Mr. Dickinson for the Library of the Liverpool College, should be hung up at the ceiling, where neither the genius of the artist nor of the late Premier can be appreciated.

The present Exhibition is understood to have suffered much from untoward contingencies. The weather, it is said, has shown itself unusually hostile; "the four winters," with accompanying darkness instead of light, have turned many aspirations into forlorn hopes of the future. Moreover, this year the "rejected addresses," "the massacre of the innocents," have been excessively cruel. Whether the pain thus inflicted has involved a commensurate boon to art we cannot, in the absence of positive evidence, presume to judge. But, looking back to past catalogues, we find that there have not been so few pictures hung as at present since 1871; this year the number is 1,236, last year it was 1,433. The difference between the two totals will account for many individual disappointments.

The Exhibition which will open to the public on Monday seems to point to the following conclusions:—continued decadence among the elder Academicians; a corresponding rise in the general standard of artists outside; a perpetual fall in historic art, with correspondent prevalence of trivial modes of treatment; persistent progress in landscape art, encouraged by a little more recognition than heretofore from the Academy. We fear we must add to the list, the pursuit of popularity at any price. Artists stoop to conquer; they surrender all for immediate success.

## THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

THE race of last Wednesday was hardly worthy of Newmarket's great day. Such distinguished performers as Galopin, Holy Friar, and Plebeian were not entered for it, and, it consequently degenerated into a contest of second-rate horses. His friends will probably assert that Camballo ought certainly to

F.

be included in the first class; but we would rather wait to the end of this month before giving him as much credit as, on the spur of the moment, is usually accorded to a Two Thousand winner. That he showed excellent form last year, and that he possesses in addition the recommendation of good looks, may be freely admitted; but he did not improve as the season drew towards a close, and his last three appearances in public in 1874 by no means increased his reputation. On public running he was inferior to Holy Friar, Galopin, and Plebeian; and his *début* for the present season at Northampton was a melancholy failure. It was urged in extenuation that he was not wound up, but at the same time there were suspicious rumours afloat as to his soundness, and as to the probability of his failing under the ordeal of hard work. Since Northampton the weather has been almost uninterruptedly dry, and the difficulties of training have proportionately increased. But as, despite the hard ground, Camballo continued to stand hard work in company with so excellent a schoolmaster as Thunder, the confidence of his friends revived; and certainly his appearance on Wednesday fully testified that his trainer had not been afraid to send him along. His coat was bright, and he looked hard and full of muscle, and in point of condition there was nothing in the inclosure superior to him. Indeed his twelve rivals were not on the whole remarkable either for their performances or their appearance, though some of them were brought to the post ready to run—and to win, if only they were good enough. Three of the twelve, Gilbert, Leveret, and the colt by Scottish Chief out of Artemis, may be dismissed without further remark, save that Leveret was more fully trained than his stable companion Claremont, yet he had to succumb to him in the race. Balfé, though a small horse, is compact and has great power as well as quality; yet a study of his running as a two-year-old could not end in a conclusion favourable to his chance over a mile course. Appearing at first in matches which he won easily, he afterwards aimed at higher things; but the crucial test to which he was submitted at Newmarket July Meeting he signally failed to stand. In the July Stakes he held a commanding lead for half a mile, and then dropped away so instantaneously that excuses of more than the customary audacity had to be invented in his favour. It was positively affirmed that he shied at a tuft of grass, and was so thrown out of his stride that he could never recover his place. We have heard of horses doing many extraordinary things, and we are aware that they are very timid and sensitive animals; but we never yet heard of one shying at a blade of grass, least of all one trained from infancy on turf and on turf only. When, two days later, Balfé won the Chesterfield Stakes, over a shorter course, in a canter—beating, let it be remembered, Camballo, Claremont, Horse Chestnut, and Craig Millar—a shrewd suspicion was excited that the son of Plaudit had extraordinary speed for half a mile, but did not care for a longer distance. Subsequently Balfé won the Hopeful Stakes, over a half-mile course, again beating Camballo; lost the Middle Park Plate, over a six-furlong course, after running very forward for half a mile; lost the Criterion, a six-furlong race; and beat Earl of Dartrey over a similar distance by a head, and Cataclysm by little more. Thus it will be seen that at half a mile Balfé beat some of the best two-year-olds in training with ease, but that at three-quarters of a mile he was invariably beaten, save in two instances when he had to meet comparatively second-rate opponents. It cannot be asserted that Earl of Dartrey showed more than second-rate form last year, yet his owner was highly dissatisfied with the result of the race in which Balfé defeated him.

It may be remarked in addition that the more Balfé ran—and he was brought out twelve times last year—the less he seemed to relish punishment; so that he finished his two-year-old career with the reputation of being not only a non-stayer, but also not one of the most willing horses to make a struggle under compulsion. Of his speed there was no doubt. Over his own distance he was by far the fastest horse of his year; and his friends appear to have cherished the hope that with age he might gain increased staying powers, or that at any rate his speed would give him such an advantage in the early part of his races as it would be difficult to deprive him of at the finish. As for his chance for such a race as the Two Thousand, it seemed, according to all public running, that Balfé would hold a strong lead to the Bushes, would gradually come back to his horses between the Bushes and the dip, and, what with his inability to stay and his unwillingness to struggle, would altogether compound as soon as the final hill was reached. Of course his friends, relying on the generally moderate character of the field, hoped, and perhaps expected, that he would come away so fast that nothing would catch him; but, as will be seen, the first of these two anticipations was correct.

Craig Millar was another horse whose credentials were of a doubtful character. Beaten by Camballo in the July, and by Balfé in the Chesterfield, it was not immediately apparent that he would go either very fast or very far. At Goodwood he astonished the world by beating Telescope in a canter, and later in the year he secured the rich Buckenham Stakes from Yorkshire Bride—already forgetting the promise of her youth—and the Vertumna colt. This victory was accomplished over the easy T.Y.C. at Newmarket; but at the Second October Meeting Craig Millar was beaten out of sight over the severer Bretby Stakes Course by Mirflor, Earl of Dartrey, and Lady Love. Again at the Houghton Meeting he somewhat retrieved himself by defeating Moriturus and Yorkshire Bride over the T.Y.C.; but the undoubted lesson to be drawn from his somewhat chequered career was that he showed to much greater advantage on an easy than on a difficult course. Garterly Bell distinguished himself by

winning the Criterion Stakes, but his best opponents on that occasion were Balfé, a non-stayer, and Mirflor, who was so lame that he could hardly limp into the inclosure. He has grown into a nice horse, but he looked rough in his coat on Wednesday, as if not thoroughly trained, and he never showed prominently in the race. Claremont was wonderfully admired as a two-year-old from his grand size and shape, but he was never really prepared for any of his two-year-old engagements, though he succeeded in running Camballo to a length at Stockbridge. Even now he is not nearly trained, nor does it seem possible that he can be got into thorough condition in the short time that remains before the Derby. He ran quite sufficiently forward, however, in the Two Thousand—considering that he was not fit, and that he was never called upon to exert himself more than he pleased—to justify the belief that, when thoroughly trained, he will be a credit to his sire, Blair Athol. An examination of Earl of Dartrey's running as a two-year-old will show that he cannot by any possibility be exalted above the second-rates. On his best form he was about equal to Balfé over a longer course than Balfé likes, and his solitary victory, against nine defeats, was gained in most insignificant company. This year he won the Biennial at the Craven Meeting from Repentance colt and Cataclysm, and as the former beat him cleverly last autumn and the latter run Balfé to a head, it might be taken that he had made some considerable improvement; but the extent of that improvement seems to have been much exaggerated. Breechloader is another horse who always runs well to a certain extent, but never well enough to win. Last year he ran three times, and was placed on each occasion; but a horse who never can get first might for all practical purposes as well finish last as third. Breechloader looked well enough last Wednesday, and as we shall see, performed creditably in the race; but we fail to discover any reason why he should improve on the form he then showed by the Derby day. Picnic jumped into sudden notoriety at the Craven Meeting by his clever defeat of Coomassie; but Coomassie was in turn so easily beaten this week by Horse Chestnut and Tangible, that the pretensions of Picnic were proportionately discounted. He was saddled at the Ditch Stables, and was little liked by those who saw him. Finally, Town Crier was started to make running for Earl of Dartrey, and not for the sake of any chance he himself possessed. Thus it will be seen that the field of thirteen was decidedly moderate in quality, and the appearance of ten out of the thirteen in the birdcage did not excite the usual interest. Balfé and Camballo were admired, the latter particularly, and their style of going when galloping down to the starting-post was also highly commended; but, on the whole, the preliminary inspection was rather a tame affair.

The starter had very little trouble in the performance of his duties, though Balfé displayed a little fractiousness at the post; and the flag fell in excellent time. The race admits of but little description, for directly Camballo took up the running his victory was assured; and though he only won by a couple of lengths, he was never touched or called upon, and therefore it is impossible to say how much he had in hand. The battle for places was much more severe. There were half a dozen well up at the finish, and those who wanted places had to be vigorously ridden out in order to secure them. Picnic came with a great rush at the end, and obtained second honours, while Breechloader just snatched the third place from Claremont and Balfé, who finished as nearly as possible abreast. Breechloader undoubtedly displayed great gameness, for he was in difficulties at the Bushes, and only the combined resolution of his rider and himself would have got him home in the front ranks. Claremont tired from want of condition, and Balfé tired because he was tired of going at racing pace any longer. He held a prominent position up to the Bushes, and then he thought he had galloped enough. We do not give that importance to the result of the Two Thousand which seems to have been generally claimed for it. Granted that Camballo won with extreme ease, we fail to see why he should be such a very great favourite for the Derby. According to the public running of last year, he was inferior to Holy Friar and to Galopin. Why should he be assumed to be their superior now because he has beaten a dozen horses not one of which will be handicapped within 7 lbs. of either of that distinguished pair? A victory in the Two Thousand of course gives the winner a great prestige, but still precedents show that, though the winner of the Two Thousand in nine cases out of ten manages to obtain a place in the Derby, that place is rarely the first.

The characteristic features of a Two Thousand day were reproduced last Wednesday with unswerving fidelity. The large attendance shows that the popularity of the race remains unabated, but perhaps there were not so many horsemen as usual. The dust was as oppressive as ever, and water still seems exceptionally scarce at Newmarket. A feeble attempt was made to water the road to the course, but it collapsed at the two points where water was most needed—at the turn from the Cambridge road to the Heath, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Stand, at the end of the Rowley Mile. There has been much talk about one or more new stands for the accommodation of visitors at Newmarket, but there is no visible sign of them at the present moment. On the other hand, the Stand already in existence at the end of the Rowley Mile has given alarming signs of insecurity. The roof is unsound, and the representatives of the press who used to find accommodation there were driven this week from their accustomed point of vantage. The fall of half-a-dozen heavy men on



the floor below them would be no laughing matter. The Two Thousand unfortunately took place this year in term time, and consequently there was a more than ordinarily powerful contingent of Cambridgeshire undergraduates. We have never seen young men assemble on Newmarket Heath in larger numbers, or display more objectionable manners. They drove and rode according to their wont; but we have never before seen the Heath so strewn with jagged fragments of their wine bottles. The effervescing mixtures which they drink in such copious quantities hurt no one but themselves; but the bits of broken glass they scatter about so recklessly might inflict serious injury on valuable horses. The Jockey Club should look to this. It is a comparatively small matter, and therefore one with which the Jockey Club is competent to deal.

## REVIEWS.

### GEIKIE'S LIFE OF MURCHISON.\*

THE Life of Sir Roderick Murchison could not have fallen into fitter hands than those of Professor Archibald Geikie. To the peculiar aptitude proved by distinctions already won in the same field of scientific research, and to that sympathy of nationality which seems especially warm between Scotchmen, may be added the circumstance that he was by Murchison's choice designated as the first to fill the chair which bears his name and was mainly endowed by his liberality. It was, moreover, by Sir Roderick himself that Professor Geikie was named his literary executor and biographer. And most faithfully has he fulfilled the duty. It must have seemed indeed a task sufficient to deter any save the most devoted of friends or partisans as well as the most indefatigable of literary workers. An inveterate taker of notes, and keeping up through a long life a correspondence at once wide and various, Sir Roderick had the habit, so tiresome to executors, whether legal or literary, of never destroying the smallest scrap of writing that he either penned or received. Down to minute jottings of daily trifles or mere answers to dinner invitations, the contents of this enormous garner must be gone through for the sake of the few grains of value it might yield under the flail of a patient husbandman. In addition to these materials his biographer has made ample use of letters, notes, and suggestions communicated by friends of Sir Roderick. And, by way of setting in their true light the advances in geology made by him, Professor Geikie has combined with the personal details of his story an outline of the previous contemporary history of the science, showing distinctly what Murchison as a geologist was and what he did. This sketch of the rise and growth of geology in Great Britain necessarily brought in a series of passing notices of the more conspicuous workers in this field, of whom portraits of poor artistic quality engraved from wood are given in the cases of William Smith, Jameson, Wollaston, Sedgwick, and others. The steel engraving of Sir Roderick himself, which forms the frontispiece, is very much better in style, and fairly represents him in his prime of physical and mental vigour.

There was not much in Murchison's early character or tastes to give any augury of his future intellectual eminence, or of the scientific ends to which he devoted the untiring energies of more than half his life. Sprung from an old Scottish family not unknown in Highland story, and within the last century eager on the Jacobite side of politics, young Roderick was, three years after his birth, which took place on February 19, 1792, severed from the ancestral home at Tarradale, Ross-shire, his father's ill health requiring a more southern residence, and ending in death within the year at Bathampton. Moving to Edinburgh, Mrs. Murchison placed the boy with his brother under the care of Bishop Sandford, under whose ministry were gathered the little knot of Episcopalians and Jacobites who still lingered in the Northern capital. Her marriage with Colonel Murray, whom she accompanied on service in Ireland, led to young Roderick being sent to the grammar school at Durham, where in the course of six years he won fame by dare-devil pranks and picked up a smattering of Euclid and the classics. His holidays, spent with his mother's brother, General Mackenzie of Fairburn, gave him a burning desire for a soldier's life, and after a short period of practical training at Marlow College he was gazetted to the 36th Regiment at the age of fifteen. Active service soon followed, and the young ensign, as he tells the tale in a spirited letter to his uncle, carried the colours of his regiment at the battle of Vimiera. He had his full share of the hardships and risks of the retreat to Corunna. Cut off from all participation in the exploits of the Peninsula, Captain Murchison chafed under the dullness and ennui of barrack life in Scotland, finding an outlet for exuberant animal spirits in feats of pedestrianism or in the hunting field, turning out somewhat of a dandy in dress, and running up debts, to settle which he could only look forward to the sale of his patrimony. An occasional trip to London brought him into contact with a wider sphere of interest, and a glimmer of his future taste for science is to be seen in his becoming, on the 12th of January, 1812, a member of the

Royal Institution, where he attended the lectures of Davy. A short spell of Highland life on his coming of age in 1813 sickened the young laird of all thought of working his estate, and it was not long ere Tarradale was got rid of. His journals now tell of a round of London gaieties in good society, and a trip to Paris, rudely cut short by Napoleon's return from Elba. Hopes of military distinction rising once more, Murchison effected his exchange into the Enniskillens; but, disappointed in his hopes of starting in the Belgian campaign, and further influenced by his marriage with Charlotte, the daughter of General Hugonin, August 29, 1815, he shortly afterwards finally threw up the profession.

It is quite a new revelation on the part of Murchison's biographer that, on looking around for a calling, the ex-captain of dragoons seriously thought of becoming a clergyman, jotting down a goodly list of books in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, under the head of "religion, eloquence, history, *belles lettres*, &c.," and consulting friends as to the feasibility of taking a degree at Oxford or Cambridge. His notions of a clerical lot form a capital illustration of what was then thought of taking orders:—"I saw that my wife had been brought up to look after the poor, was a good botanist, enjoyed a garden, and liked tranquillity; and as parsons then enjoyed a little hunting, shooting, and fishing without being railed at, I thought that I might slide into that sort of comfortable domestic life." His wife's better genius suggested the idea of a year or two of foreign travel, and the sight of the Alps and glaciers of Savoy and Switzerland, with the contact of men like Pictet and De Candolle, first kindled the flame of physical research which burnt in Murchison's nature through life. At the same time a run through the chief galleries of the Continent awakened in him a love and an appreciation of art. Two years thus spent in Italy were followed by five years of ardent fox-hunting at Melton. A note written forty years later tells us that a day's sport in company with Davy, ending in the promise of getting him early into the Royal Society, was the means of finally weaning his mind from this waste of life, and deciding him to follow up the observations he had already made upon the Alps and Apennines. Murchison had henceforth a calling wherein his love of out-door life, combined with his energy of intellect and his sense both of the scientific and æsthetic aspects of nature, found unlimited scope.

In an admirable sketch of the progress of geology in this country during the first quarter of the century Professor Geikie shows the influences which were at work to mould the whole character of Murchison's scientific life, the subsequent records of his career proving how thoroughly he continued to the end under the sway of the circumstances under which he broke ground as a geologist. Without systematic training, and with less grasp through life of theoretical or speculative truth than perhaps any student of equal eminence ever brought to the pursuit of nature, it was by sheer sticking to the observation and accumulation of facts that Murchison fought his way in advance of the knowledge of his time. Having little taste for experimental research, and setting but slight store upon what physicists at large might contribute to the solution of geological problems, totally ignorant too of mineralogy, his main geological idea was to make out not so much the physical constituents of the earth's crust, or the wider relations of cosmical phenomena, as the order or succession of stratification, neglecting the external features of the land for what lay beneath the surface. To collect fossils, and with these for an alphabet to spell out the history of the rocks, comparing them with what other countries had to yield, was a pursuit to which he set himself, hammer in hand, with the same ardour that he had shown with his pencil and note-book among the galleries of Italy, or with his hunting-whip or his gun across the moors of Durham. Starting from the modified Huttonian views generally held by his contemporaries, but with no tenacious dogmatical bias, he found himself at home amongst the band of robust, joyous, and truth-seeking spirits who made up the Geological Society, which from its birth in the winter of 1807 had sprung into vigorous growth. His first field work began under Buckland, the President, who, when Murchison joined it in 1824, finding him one of his aptest pupils, took him down to Oxford, and from the top of Shotover taught him in his own characteristic style the succession of oolitic rocks up to the far range of the Chalk Hills. A nine weeks' tour along the south coast, his wife picking up fossils and sketching the geological features of the coast-line, carried on the lesson of nature, and formed the prelude to rambles yet wider and wider afield till well nigh the whole surface of Europe had been brought under his ken. With Sedgwick for a fellow-labourer and guide he entered in 1827 upon a systematic round of the northern tracts and western isles of Scotland, with the view of determining the true relations of the red sandstone, which the maps and writings of Macculloch had left in much obscurity; and a joint paper by the two friends was read before the Society as the result. His energies as Secretary, as well as the mastery he had by this time shown over the classification of both the earlier and later stratified rocks of these islands, had already given him a forward place among the geologists of the day, when, shortly afterwards, he entered upon the series of Continental excursions which extended from the Straits of Dover through central and southern France to the shores of the Adriatic on the one hand, and through Rhineland, Bavaria, and Austria into Hungary on the other. With him and his wife went Lyell for the first part of the way. In Paris they met Prevost, Cuvier, Brongniart, Elie de Beaumont, and other men of mark; and in Auvergne, besides carrying with them the admirable recent memoir of Mr. Poulett Scrope, they had

\* *Life of Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S., &c., based on his Journals and Letters.* By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S., Director of H.M. Geological Survey of Scotland, and Murchison Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Illustrated with Portraits and Woodcuts. London: John Murray. 1875.

a warm and instructive reception from Count Montlosier. At the quarries of Eningen Murchison had the delight of acquiring the famed fossil salamandrine, gravely set down by Scheuchzer as *Homo diluvii testis*, since named by Owen *Galecyne Eningensis*, allied to the civet, and intermediate between *canis* and *viverra*. This Murchison presented to the British Museum. At Bonn, now joined by Sedgwick, he saw Blumenbach, then seventy-six years of age, but with physical and mental force unabated; and at Bamberg he stumbled upon Leopold von Buch, of whom he gained in later years a deeper impression than was produced by the first passing contact with Germany's greatest geologist.

Raised in 1831 to the Presidency of the Geological Society, Murchison found the great turning-point of his scientific life in the determination to face resolutely the problem of the rocks of older date than those of the secondary series which had hitherto engrossed his attention. Seemingly dry and forbidding, fractured and contorted to an extent that suggested chaos, and believed to contain but few and insignificant forms of organic life, these vast and heterogeneous masses of Palæozoic age had been known by the vaguest of names, as "transition" or "grauwacke" (the uncouth term in use amongst the miners of the Hartz). The key which the genius of William Smith had applied to the Secondary series failed to fit into these underlying masses, which Continental geologists, such as D'Halloy, had vaguely sought to analyse and classify by reference to the mineralogical character of the strata. So little had they engrossed the attention of geologists in this country that in Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, published in the spring of 1833, with a dedication to Murchison, whilst 300 pages were given to the Tertiary deposits, the whole of the fossiliferous rocks older than those above the coal measures were dismissed in twelve lines. Furnished with all the information he could glean from Buckland and Conybeare concerning the slaty rocks or grauwacke, Murchison broke ground at Llandeilo, where the natural sections were most favourable to the observation of the strata below the old red sandstone. On resigning the chair of the Geological Society in 1833 he gave the first detailed account of the work of two years on the borderland of England and Wales, out of which was developed in the course of five years more the famed *Silurian System*. With Sedgwick, whom he always called the first of men, he had at the outset mapped out the fields of their respective surveys, and the friends had met in the course of their first summer campaign, with the view of dovetailing together the Lower or Silurian system of rocks with those which the Woodwardian Professor had grouped under the common name of Cambrian. Thus far no suspicion or misgiving suggested itself of the possibility of that divergence or rivalry which in later years clouded a friendship so enduring and so close. Of the rise and the grounds of this misunderstanding Professor Geikie gives the most exhaustive as well as the most impartial account which has ever appeared. He is no partisan, and is quite ready to admit that scientific errors were committed by Murchison, such as that of classifying the Bala limestones as underlying all the Silurian groups, their true place being the equivalent of that of the Caradoc beds in the Lower Silurian series. This error was pointed out later by Sedgwick. It was perhaps unavoidable at the time. But if Murchison was properly responsible for it, having from the first given up the Bala beds as forming no part of his Silurian domain, it is certain that Sedgwick adopted it and believed it for years, although, according to his own showing, a single traverse from Glyn Ceiriog to the northern end of the Berwyn chain would have sufficed to put the matter to rights. That anything in Murchison's conduct was disingenuous or unfair his biographer convincingly denies. It remains matter for wonder that the intervention of friends, if not a candid mutual understanding, should not have brought about entire unity between coadjutors more desirous of the truth than of self-assertion or self-glory. Together and in thorough harmony they had previously worked out the great Devonian system, and Sedgwick had not only seen, but had in part revised, the proofs of the *Silurian System*. By the time that advanced research led to the work being in great measure recast, in *Siluria*, published in 1854, it had become abundantly clear that none but an imaginary or conventional line was to be drawn between the rival systems. Mr. Bowman, Sir H. de la Beche, and Professor Ramsay had shown that the Silurian mineral characters and fossils ranged far beyond the supposed line of demarcation, and that the terms Cambrian and Lower Silurian were in effect two names for the same series of rocks. Every effort was made by Murchison to remove the cause of offence which gradually led to silence and estrangement between his friend and fellow-worker and himself. A copy of the new edition of *Siluria*, sent as a peace-offering in January 1859 to "dear Sedgwick," with the hope that "the only bitter sorrow he had experienced in his scientific life may pass away, and that the old friendly feelings towards him may return," drew forth merely a formal acknowledgment of the gift, beginning "Dear Sir Roderick." Not until the death of Lady Murchison in 1869 did the feeling of soreness at what Sedgwick causelessly considered unfair treatment at the hands of his old friend give way to the natural flow of kindness. The letter which expresses his sympathy, and speaks of the bright and to him "thrice happy" days at Cambridge, tells well for the real warmth of his heart, and for the worth of her who could call forth such an encomium.

One of the most characteristic passages in Sir Roderick's life, and the most graphically told by his biographer, is that of the Devonian Battle, when he alone, Sedgwick being unavoidably absent, stood up in the Geological Society in defence of the

change they proposed to make in the classification of the rocks in Devon and Cornwall; the greatest change, as Buckland agreed, which had ever been attempted at one time in the geological system of England, making the name Devonian not less comprehensive or familiar than Silurian had already become. By dint of tact and temper, with the friendly aid of Lyell, Buckland, and Lonsdale, the misunderstanding with De la Beche was happily overcome, and the opposition of Greenough and the old school amicably let down. How the triple subdivision of Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian was extended to Europe, chiefly as the result of Murchison's important work in Russia, is told no less amply in the chapters which follow. The Permian system—for the name of which he stoutly fought against the ridiculous "Dyas" proposed by certain Continental geologists—separated by him from the general mass of the Lower Mesozoic red sandstones, and inserted as the uppermost member of the Palæozoic system, formed another of the decisive conquests upon which his reputation as a discoverer permanently rests. Like his other contributions to physical knowledge, it was worked out by patient labour and that practical sagacity which stood him in the stead of genius. Of imagination, as his biographer candidly admits, Murchison had little or nothing. His was not the philosophic spirit which evolves broad principles or ultimate laws in science. He wanted the power to deal with far-reaching questions of theory, and even held them in suspicion or dislike. For the advancing views of the evolutionists he felt anything but sympathy, strangely enough seeing in Darwinism a principle utterly incompatible with the fundamental facts of his system. With glacialists like Forbes or Agassiz he had little in common, shutting his eyes against the rapidly gathering proofs of the range and intensity of ice action upon the globe, though he certainly felt staggered at the notion of Von Buch that the granite boulders on the tops of the Jura had been shot across the valley of Geneva by the power of subterranean explosive forces. To the convulsionist side, with Elie de Beaumont, he clung tenaciously to the last, against the influence of Lyell and the well nigh unanimous band of English men of science, his natural incapacity for coherent logical argument having been aggravated by the want of early training in habits of accurate scientific reasoning. But among his contemporaries there was no observer more keen-eyed, more careful, or more correct. Having the shrewdness, too, to know where his strength lay, he seldom ventured beyond that domain of fact in which his earliest successes were won, and in which through life he worked so faithfully and so well. In that domain he had few equals, and the list of his published writings and memoirs testifies to the energy and industry with which he worked at the labours of his choice. In the official duties which devolved upon him for the last fifteen years of his life, and which might have been a sore burden to one reared in liberty and more used to out-of-door research than to the routine of office or desk-work, he was unflinching, and even zealous, to a degree that would be occasionally galling to functionaries set in high places over him. Always busy, and feeling an interest in intellectual progress which grew in intensity with the multiplicity of truths or aspects which discovery brought to light in nature, he found the means of efficiently ruling and organizing the Geological Survey, whilst doing the honours and sustaining the dignity of his much-loved chair at the Geographical Society, and holding a place of prominence and usefulness in the highest circles of society. That he had faults of manner and of temper no less than of intellect his biographer does not seek to deny. But under these defects, which after all were on the surface of his character, there lay a generous warmth, a sense of honour, and a love of truth which should make the name of Sir Roderick Murchison dear to his age and country. And in making good his claim both as a geologist, and as in the highest sense a gentleman, to the respect and affection of the English public, Professor Geikie has thoroughly established his own fitness to chronicle and to carry on the work of his laborious life.

#### THE ENGLISH TONGUE IN INDIA.\*

THE teaching of English to natives of India must be something wholly different now from what it must have been in the days before the Comparative method had shown that Sanscrit and English are languages which sprang from a common stock. In the work of Messrs. Rowe and Webb, both of them Cambridge scholars holding educational appointments in India, we see the effects which modern research is working in what is, from many points of view, its most interesting field. The line of discovery which was laid open by Sir William Jones has become a living thing in the land which he first showed to be a land not wholly foreign to Western Europe. The first point from which Messrs. Rowe and Webb start, in inviting the natives of India to a rational study of English, is the essential likeness, both in vocabulary and in grammatical forms, between English and all those native languages of India which spring from a Sanscrit origin. Of course we have long passed the stage when any rational person could have doubted the fact; the thing to be remarked and rejoiced at is that the scientific study of language has reached that stage in which its conclusions can in this way be taken for granted as a groundwork of education. And in India the fact that we have reached

\* *Hints on the Study of English*. By F. J. Rowe, M.A., and W. T. Webb, M.A. Second Edition. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: W. Thacker & Co. 1875.



such a stage is of more than merely literary or scientific value. The pages in which Messrs. Rowe and Webb so clearly and strongly insist on the original unity of the Englishman and the Sanscrit-speaking native ought really to do something to weigh against the ignorance and brutality of those Englishmen who have thought it fine to insult our darker-skinned kinsmen with the name of "niggers." Of course in the early part of the book, which treats of the history, grammar, and so forth of the English language, we do not look for anything strictly new. What we do find is a story with which we have long been familiar told from a new point of view and to a new set of listeners. Teaching English to Hindoos is not the same process as teaching it to Englishmen. And it is curious and instructive to watch the way in which English is best taught to Hindoos. In teaching English to Englishmen we of course do not forget our relation to Sanscrit; we put it forth as an essential part of the whole story; unless the true position of Sanscrit is taken in, the whole scheme of the relations of languages is not understood. Still this may be perfectly well understood without any actual knowledge of Sanscrit; when the position of Sanscrit is once ascertained, it is not needful for the student of English or England to go on with many or minute illustrations from Sanscrit; this he will find it more to his purpose to draw from the languages with which he has in practice more to do—from the kindred Teutonic tongues and from the Latin and Greek. But in teaching English to Hindoos the comparison with Sanscrit holds quite another place. There may not be very much more room for direct illustration in details; but the comparison now stands in the fore-front. Messrs. Rowe and Webb begin at the very beginning by comparing some of the few grammatical forms which still linger on in English with the cognate forms in Sanscrit. And, throughout their general sketch of the grammar and history of the English tongue, references to the Sanscrit and to the languages which have their source in Sanscrit are brought in whenever they are in place; that is naturally much oftener than would be called for in a book designed for English or for any European learners. Still, from the nature of the case, their illustrations are less commonly drawn from Indian than from European languages. That is to say, the Teutonic essence and the Romance infusion are carefully distinguished, but the analogies and contrasts between English and other Teutonic tongues are less fully dwelled on. Most likely even German, much less any other Teutonic tongue, is not much known among Messrs. Rowe and Webb's pupils. Still it is a great point to keep constantly before the minds of Indian learners the truth that the relation between English and Sanscrit is not a solitary one, but that it is shared by them with many other languages, European and Asiatic.

All this part of the book is done carefully, and on the whole correctly, according to the last lights. Messrs. Rowe and Webb have thoroughly grasped not only the relations between the English tongue and other tongues, but the fact that there is an English tongue. Those of our distant kinsfolk who are under the teaching of Messrs. Rowe and Webb will not have anything about Semi-Saxons to unlearn. They will never be told that plain English words are "derived" from this and that, or that the few relics of our inflexions which we have left are marks of irregularity. And our authors go largely into the line of thought opened by Archbishop Trench, into the history of the meanings of words, how some rise and some fall, which they call the "Degeneration" and "Elevation" of words. But what can Messrs. Rowe and Webb mean by such an ugly hybrid as "Dittonyms," a word which seems to be of their own coinage? "Homonyms" they define to be "words in the same language, which, though distinct in origin and meaning, have the same form and sound." "Dittonyms" are "words of the same derivation and originally of the same meaning, that appear under different form." Such are "hermit, hermit"; "manœuvre, manure"; "crony, crone." But why call them "dittonyms"? Why make a word which, so far as it has any meaning at all, seems to begin in Italian and to end in Greek? And our authors should not have said, at an earlier stage, that "Norman-French was a union of Scandinavian and a debased kind of Latin or French, and was formed by the endeavours of the Norse conquerors of Normandy to speak French." To talk of the "Norse conquerors of Normandy" is rather like talking of "the Saxon conquerors of England"; it is in short just the kind of expression which we should have expected Messrs. Rowe and Webb to keep clear of. And in what sense is the "Norman French" "debased," except in the sense in which every Romance tongue may be called debased? The Normans in Gaul not only endeavoured to speak French, but thoroughly succeeded in doing so. And the half-dozen Scandinavian words which they brought into the French language hardly justify such a word as "union." But this sentence is really the only passage of any importance which we should quarrel with in our authors' account of the English language. Here and there there are one or two particular things that look queer. What, for instance, can be meant by "O. E. *faery*," a word as distinctly of Romance birth as any that could be named? But there are not many things like this, and, on the whole, we are thoroughly glad to see native Indian students of English taught the history and nature of our language in a way in which, only a few years back, no one would have been taught at home.

But the real curiosity of the book lies in the part which contains the advice given to native students as help in the art of English writing. In many cases the mistakes to which an Indian writer of English is tempted are different from those to which an

English, or even any European, writer is tempted. For many of them consist of literal translation of idioms in the native languages which happen to be unlike anything English or European. But, besides this, the native seems to labour, and that in a far higher degree, under all the temptations under which an English writer labours. Messrs. Rowe and Webb have to fight against fine writing, against slang, against dragging scraps of other languages into English sentences. All these are evils to which we are well used at home; but in the hands of natives of India they naturally put on a yet more grotesque form, through the constant misapplication of every word and phrase. Here is a specimen:—

We have met with a student, who, until corrected, thought that a proper and forcible form in which to ask the lecturer in class for some information, was, "If you please, Sir, *what the dickens* does this mean?" and again "*Hang it*, how shall I parse this word?" Another Native, writing a book on the study of English, in some remarks on technical slang, talks about barristers "eating silk"! He had evidently become hopelessly confused over the phrases "eating terms" and "getting silk," which were put side by side in the book from which he quotes.

As a general rule, slang sounds strange and affected from the lips of a foreigner.

Messrs. Rowe and Webb's advice is throughout excellent. Most of it may be summed up in the word "simplicity." Of course when they get into detail, they have to explain a great deal about purely formal matters, the ways of beginning, ending, and addressing letters, and so forth, many of which are purely arbitrary. Here is a specimen of the kind of thing which they have to correct:—

To

MR. A. B. SMITH, ESQ., M.A.

Head Master of the Budgepoor School.

RESPECTED SIR,—With due respect and humble submission I beg leave to bring to your kind notice that as I am sick from yesterday, being attacked with strong fever, so I request your favour of granting me the leave of absence for two days only.

Your most obedient pupil,

RAM DAYAL NAG.

Dated the 18th April, 1874.

On this they comment:—

The mistakes in the above, or some of them, are to be met with in almost every application for leave by Native students. As most of them have been corrected above, or are noticed in Chap. VI., we merely remark here that the word *sick* by itself is seldom used by educated Englishmen to mean anything but *coming*; it is only in phrases like *sick-leave*, *sick unto death*, *sick-list*, &c. that the word means "in bad health"; it is also used metaphorically, *I am sick of this* = *I am weary of or disgusted at it*. Instead of *sick*, the word *ill*, or *unwell*, should be used.

We should not have expected to find Messrs. Rowe and Webb quarrelling with the use of a good English word in its proper meaning. When we have a revised Prayer-book, will one of its occasional services be called "The Visitation of the Ill," or "The Visitation of the Unwell"?

This whole latter part of the book is exceedingly curious. Though many of the faults which our writers point out are such as no Englishman is likely to fall into, other parts of their advice are useful in England as well as in India, and all of them help us to understand what is going on with our language at a new stage of its history. English is now, in India and elsewhere, going through the same process which Greek went through in the age of Alexander. It is becoming the speech—at all events the literary and official speech—of millions whose native tongue it is not. Some changes in language must always take place in such a process. Hellenistic Greek is not Attic Greek. But Hellenistic Greek does not fall away so far from Attic Greek as some of the specimens of native Indian composition fall away from pure English. One cause is to be found among ourselves. By some strange ill-luck the Indian writers of English seem drawn to the worst models of English. Whether the Asiatic or Egyptian writers of Greek were drawn to the worst models of Greek we can hardly say. The Hellenistic Greek which we know best, that of the New Testament, above all that of the Four Gospels, though far away from Attic purity, is seldom strictly ungrammatical, and its deviations from Attic purity are quite unlike the mistakes made by Messrs. Rowe and Webb's Indian scholars. One reason perhaps is that, though in classical Greek there were better models and worse models, there were no models so bad as some of the models of modern English. The Syrian who strove to write Greek could not be misled by anything answering to the *Daily Telegraph*. He could not be misled by anything like the modern "facetious" style. He found no Greek writer who interlarded his sentences with scraps from other languages—one happy result of not knowing any other languages. If an Indian dialect of English grew up, as there are negro dialects both of English and French, that would be the ordinary course of all languages. Negro French, as we once had long ago to point out, stands in much the same relation to Parisian French in which Parisian French stands to Latin. Changes of that kind are natural, and therefore legitimate. But the native Indian style, as described in this book, is something quite different. It is not natural; it is artificial; it is a distinct imitation of the bad models of a language instead of the good. It is a frightful thought that millions of our Indian fellow-subjects are learning to write like Special Correspondents. Messrs. Rowe and Webb have a great work before them in checking the evil.

## BURKE'S PEERAGE.\*

BOOKS exclusively about the aristocracy are bought and read by many people who do not belong to the upper ranks. There are some whose knowledge of history is derived from such sources only. The Peerages are very amusing, and, with a little more regard for historical truth, they might be fairly instructive. But they are not studied only for amusement, nor perhaps at all for instruction. The sacred duty of reading them is fulfilled for the most part by a class whose interest in their contents might be supposed to be very slight. Family history is of importance apparently to people of no family. The Peerage is studied by men and women who do not know a single peer. Whether it is that they find in it their own name or one like it, or the name of a friend, or the name of their landlord, or of their county member, or their next neighbour, they like to see it, and year after year such books have a steady sale. And, if they were really of value as family histories, we might rejoice that such wholesome reading was to be had at a reasonable price. A man who sits down to go regularly through his Burke or his Lodge might say to his soul that he had reading laid up for some three or four years at the rate of a page a day. If we could get a Peerage compiled on the principles of Sir Harris Nicolas or Mr. Shirley, we might hope to see a considerable knowledge of the biographical side of English history disseminated among the Peerage-reading class. A good history of the Nevilles or of the Howards would form a valuable addition to our stock. A Peerage in which nothing was taken for granted, on the other hand, would be a very different book from any that Sir Bernard Burke has compiled. And, in examining an ordinary Peerage, such as that before us, and remembering how very slight is the authority needed on which to found an old family, we are first struck with the rarity of such pedigrees as we might expect to find. We are driven to conclude either that an old family is an uncommon thing, or else that old families must be sought in a rank lower than the peerage, and that, paradoxical as it may seem, there is nothing essentially aristocratic in a long pedigree. If we take Mr. Shirley's list of the *Noble and Gentle Men of England*, a rare example of trustworthy genealogy, we shall find, among the three hundred and twenty families he mentions, only ninety, at most, who have peerages, and not more than two or three whose peerages date from the sixteenth century. In turning over the leaves of Sir Bernard Burke's great book abundant evidence on this head is to be seen. Our dukes, for example, all date since the beginning of the reign of James I., if we except those of Norfolk and Somerset, which were forfeited before that period and afterwards restored. Indeed, when James came to the English throne there was not a single duke in the peerage. He speedily created his second son Charles Duke of York—a fact apparently overlooked by Sir Bernard Burke when he says there were no dukes in England from the attainer of the Duke of Norfolk in 1572 to the creation of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, in 1623. There are eleven English dukedoms now in the list (excluding dukes of Great Britain and of Scotland or Ireland), and the first, Norfolk, alone dates from the fifteenth century; the oldest Scottish dukedom, Hamilton, dates only from 1643; and it is curious to note how large a number in both kingdoms descend from Charles II. The premier English earldom dates only from 1442, and the oldest marquessate and viscounty are more than a hundred years later. But the barons, owing entirely to the usage by which baronies by writ descend to heiresses, are some of them of much higher antiquity. Three date from 1264, and there are eleven earlier than the fifteenth century, while the termination of abeyances adds to the number every now and then. But it is observable that not one of the eleven above mentioned is now in the family in which it was first created; while the number of co-heirs to other baronies is innumerable. The four sisters of the last Marquess of Hastings were co-heirs to thirteen or fourteen. Lord Stourton is senior co-heir to fourteen. The number of persons who may have a part in the representation of a family, on the other hand, is equally great. Mr. Nichols somewhere remarks on the dispersal of the blood of the Marshals, Earls of Pembroke, the last of whom had eight brothers-in-law, who all left children. The third Duke of Northumberland had a coat of his quarterings made out from which it appears that he was a co-heir of the Marshals by thirteen different lines; and a table in the volume before us exhibits the same thing in a curious light. It seems, according to Sir Bernard Burke, that forty-six peers and peeresses "are entitled to quarter the royal arms of Plantagenet." Sir Bernard has his own way of using the name of Plantagenet, which, so far as we know, was peculiar to three persons—Geoffrey, the father of Henry II.; his descendant, the father of Edward IV.; and an illegitimate son of the same king, and never was used by any of our monarchs. But the meaning of the list is nevertheless tolerably plain, and it might in all probability be largely extended. It has more than once been asserted on plausible grounds that Mr. Disraeli is the only English Prime Minister since Walpole who is not descended from Edward I. We need not stop to examine the literal accuracy of the statement, but it is also curious to observe that, many as were the ladies—Sir Bernard would style them princesses—of the same family who married English subjects, there is not a single descendant in the male line of such a marriage known to exist. An ancestor of Lord Devon married a granddaughter of Edward I., Margaret de Bohun; and Sir George

Manners, an ancestor of the Duke of Rutland, married Anne St. Leger, a niece of Edward IV.; and these are the nearest now remaining.

Sir Bernard Burke is, in a sense, above genealogical and heraldic accuracy. He is a King of Arms. He may grant coat armour and create pedigrees, but, unfortunately for our pleasure in reading his book, he cannot create history to accord with his pedigrees. When he tells us that the Derings are of "undoubted Saxon origin," or that the family of Loftus "was of consideration so early as the time of Alfred," we feel shaken in our belief of less "undoubted" facts. The first Sir Edward Dering may have been wrong in counting a French knight of the name of Morinis among his male ancestors, and it may be a fiction which places Lord Ely's maternal ancestor at Swineside, in Coverham, rather than at Lofthouse on the sea-coast; but while records exist to prove, as far as they can be proved, both these corrections, we should be surprised to see anything like common historical probability in many of the undoubted facts of the Peerage. In short, scarcely a page can be turned over without finding some vague assertion of this kind; and, considering how very few are the families to which Mr. Shirley allows a place in his list of those which have held lands since the reign of Richard III., it is simply amazing to note how many they are in the present volume. The general accuracy and painstaking care of Mr. Shirley are beyond question; but why, then, does he omit all reference to the Broughams, the Custs, the Cowpers, the Cunliffes, the Dormers, the Gunnings, the Hardinges, the Jodrells, the Trollopes, the Mackworths, the Mildmayes, the Neaves, the Pulestons, the Rodneys, the Cockses, and many others whose "undoubted origin" is traced in the Peerage to periods of various remoteness beyond the beginning of the sixteenth century? The work has certainly been much improved since its first appearance. We no longer find the great Duke of Wellington's birth dated on the 1st of May, or the great Duke of Marlborough derived without question from the Despeners. But, on the other hand, the Methuens are still descended from the old Scots lords of the name, the Byrons are still deduced without a break from the ancient barons, the Turnours are still made to have received grants from the Conqueror as "Sires de Tournoir," and the Vesseys are still made to represent a branch of the De Vescis. But the book is faulty rather in what it does not tell than in what it does. Who could gather from the royal pedigrees at the beginning that our present sovereign does not even quarter the arms of James I. and of Edward III., or that a French Bourbon is the lineal heir of the Scots Kings before Bruce? And Sir Bernard Burke is as careful not to "gratify imputing curiosity" as Mr. De la Pluche. He tells us nothing as to the faith of the great folk he mentions. It would be interesting to know which are the "great Catholic families" of which we hear so much just now. He gives us no information as to the comparative wealth of the peers, or how they made their money. He says nothing of the earl who was found working as a collier, or of the baron who was a dockyard labourer. A gentleman who "engaged in commercial pursuits," or who "amassed a fortune by successful banking," sometimes, but not often, heads a pedigree. The compiler seems for the most part also to take genealogical information as he gets it, and is tolerably impartial in his use of it. We have as good a descent offered us for Sir Harry Burrard, whose name, we read, "is of purely Saxon compound," whatever that may be, though it does not occur in Shirley, as we have for Lord Bagot, whose ancestor certainly figures in Domesday. He extenuates much, if he sets down naught in malice. But, in truth, a key to the character of the whole compilation may be found in its very first article. The Duke of Abercorn is preferred to Sir Thomas Abdy, because he is a duke and Sir Thomas is only a baronet, though in alphabetical precedence *Abd* is before *Abe*.

The Peerage might be a very useful book of reference for historians, but it is not. Possibly a perfect Peerage and Baronage would not pay. The present compilation undoubtedly won its way, when it was first started nearly fifty years ago, by its unquestioning acceptance of people's own accounts of themselves. Since then most of the gloriously absurd pedigrees have been omitted. The late accomplished genealogist, Mr. Gough Nichols, made it a matter of duty to correct Sir Bernard Burke, and succeeded in arguing or laughing the *Peerage and Baronage* out of many of its finest fictions. Some glaring errors, however, remain. They are chiefly in Scottish pedigrees, and indeed we must allow that it would not be easy to steer clear of some of them. Sir Bernard should not make Lord Polwarth the "chief" of the Scots, but his care in leaving out the famous Coulthart and Erroll marriage must be acknowledged, and so must the difficulties of such questions as that concerning the Colquhoun baronetcy, which seems to have divided itself into three, at some distant period of its erratic course, and which still apparently belongs to two different gentlemen. Among English baronetcies also there are difficulties, and Sir Bernard in one or two cases leaves them undecided. The Perrot title, for example, may be allowed, as it has been acknowledged in Royal Warrants, and Sir Bernard simply omits the Payne title, which is in dispute between two claimants. It may be interesting to note that, though the great Camden published a list of peers in his "Britannia," and Milles a "Catalogue of Honour," in 1610, the first baronetage with genealogies was Collins's, in 1720. It seems, too, that the scheme by which James I. was advised to institute the order was the invention of Sir Thomas Shirley of Wiston.

High as the English peerage stands, it is not in the pages of Sir Bernard only that the names of our most ancient nobility, in the

\* A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronage. By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. London: Harrison. 1875.



foreign sense of the word, are to be found. Although some forty families survive which still hold the estates from which they derive their surnames, barely a dozen of them are represented in the House of Lords. And there are other gentlemen whose families were once ennobled, in our sense of the word, but who are now at most country squires. The Scropes, the Ferrerses, the Blounts, the Quinceys, the Harcourts, the Bassets, and the Harleys, represent ancient earls and barons whose titles have been forfeited, or have descended to other families by heiresses. And a large class, too, have never risen above the upper middle rank, like the Dods, the Davenports, the two Cheshire Leighs, the Sneyds, the Dayrells, and those Lovetts of whose respectability George III. expressed himself so highly. None of these names are to be found in the *Peerage and Baronetage*. Yet in any country of Europe except England they would rank as nobles. No doubt many ancient families are included in the peerage, and it will be a loss to England when they stand aloof from politics as they do in America, and too much in France. But so far English people believe firmly in Sir Bernard, and it is not long since we heard of a maid-servant who refused a place in the family of one of the squires just mentioned because she "could not find his name in Burke."

## MALCOLM.\*

ANY work by the author who produced that exquisite piece of fancy and poetical conceit called *Phantastes* is sure to be worth reading. The gift of creating and presenting to the world thoughts and ideas which are not imitations and reflections is by no means common. That Mr. Mac Donald has something of that gift cannot be doubted. Whether the novel is the happiest vehicle for such a faculty may be questioned. When it is selected, it results either that the author's imagination is confined, if not cramped, or that the concentration which should be a distinguishing mark of a romance is lost. There are books, such as *Les Misérables*, which combine the grandeur and beauty of an epic with the constant excitement of a novel. Such works, however, are produced only by the great masters of the art of writing; and it is not derogatory from Mr. Mac Donald's merits to say that he is not on a par with Victor Hugo.

In the present instance those qualities which belong to a novel have given way to the demands of an imagination which produces many beautiful things, scattered, it must be said, somewhat aimlessly through the three volumes of *Malcolm*. The plot of the book, which should be an important feature in a novel, is perhaps its weakest point. It is entirely unlike any other of the author's plots, and the change is not for the better. His talent does not lie in the direction of describing how hidden things are brought to light by the unwinding of a complicated chain of events. Indeed there are but one or two English writers who have ever gained any real success in the line of framing ingenious and exciting plots by inventing a mystery and gradually unfolding the invention to their readers. This manufacture of puzzles is certainly not the highest form of romance-writing, and most people will be of opinion that the study of character in which Mr. Mac Donald has long ago made his mark is a more exalted branch of fiction than the dovetailing of curious chances which he has attempted in *Malcolm*. Not that the study of character is here abandoned, or is at all less successful than in former instances, but its reality and excellence are out of tune with the ill-managed melodrama of the plot, which hangs upon them like an ill-fitting garment on a fine shape. It is often observed that a passion for doing that which is out of their line seizes upon men's minds. Liston always imagined that his real strength lay in tragedy. An author will always maintain that those passages of his works which are most blamed by criticism are in reality the finest. Out of this spirit of perversity it has perhaps happened that a writer who certainly need not have gone out of his way to find attractions for his work has by so doing produced an incongruous and ill-ordered result. This is an objection which only appears in the course of reading the book. Another one, which appears at once, and which is likely to frighten off a good many readers, is that the book is written almost entirely in Scotch, and Scotch of so idiomatic a kind that words employed by the persons of the story are frequently followed by their English equivalents in brackets. This interruption distracts the attention and arrests the movement, which is often singularly dramatic. There is always a certain amount of effort and fatigue in reading a dialect. The eye is easily wearied with that which may not be wearying, and may even be pleasant, to the ear.

Whoever is willing to struggle with the difficulties and dangers occasioned by the presence of two separate dialects of Scotland in *Malcolm* will find a great deal to reward him for his daring. And perhaps it is no bad thing that some obstacle which may give rise to the exercise of thought should occasionally bar the smooth and rapid progress of the novel-reader. There would be but little fun in walking and climbing excursions if they brought with them no call for exertion. The traverse of a flat road in a well-hung bath-chair would be an undertaking of some dulness. The ease with which all the meaning of an ordinary novel is taken in is about equal to its merit. The faults to be found with *Malcolm* are by no means equal to its beauties. Since the days of Miss Ferrier there has been no better picture of Scotch character in many

varieties. There is far less monotony than has been present in the author's former works. Nor does the writer deal with Scotch character alone. Lord Lossie, who, whatever his birth may have been, was thoroughly Anglicized by long companionship with the Regent, is as well drawn as is Duncan the Highland piper. There is a rare skill in attaching the reader to a man whom he cannot esteem. Such a combination of qualities as will produce this effect is commonly enough met with in life, but is with difficulty reflected in the pages of a fiction. None but a writer who had some spark of the true fire could make his readers thoroughly understand the liking of Malcolm for the patron who is so infinitely below him in all but rank and wealth. Lady Florimel, Lord Lossie's daughter, wayward, imperious, selfish from her education, generous by nature, is a lifelike presence in the book. That she is less interesting than many of the other characters does not detract from her likeness to life. There is a bit of dialogue between her and her father which hits off the peculiar relation between the indulgent Marquess and the spoiled beauty. They are speaking of Duncan the piper's refusal of a present sent down by the Marquess with careless magnificence to atone for an equally careless insult:—

"Wasn't it spirited—in such poor people too?" said Lady Florimel, the colour rising in her face, and her eyes sparkling.

"It was damned impudent," said the marquis.

"I think it was damned dignified," said Lady Florimel.

The marquis stared. The visitors, after a momentary silence, burst into a great laugh.

"I wanted to see," said Lady Florimel calmly, "whether I couldn't swear if I tried. I don't think it tastes nice. I shan't take to it, I think."

"You'd better not in my presence, my lady," said the marquis, his eyes sparkling with fun.

"I shall certainly not do it out of your presence, my lord," she returned.

"—Now I think of it," she went on, "I know what I will do: every time you say a bad word in my presence, I shall say it after you. I shan't mind who's there—parson or magistrate. Now you'll see."

Perhaps one of the best drawn characters in the book is Mr. Graham, the schoolmaster, with his original and successful method of instruction, his wide sympathies, and his courage of endurance under injustice. His conversation on subjects which are generally treated in books by themselves as if they were things apart from ordinary human life is one of the few instances which can be pointed to of the introduction of a religious element into a novel without offence.

Equally well worked out is the character of Bawby Catanach, who, to use Malcolm's poetical description of her calling, "sits at the receipt of souls" in Portlossie, and supplies a villainous element to the book. Malcolm's language is on all occasions singularly poetical, almost impossible so for a boy of his education and bringing up. However, no doubt the waiter, who was "no waiter, but a Knight Templar in disguise," may have betrayed the nobility of his birth by that of his sentiments to a close observer. And as a reader is likely to observe Malcolm closely, the same explanation may account for the beauty of his thoughts and language. A better founded objection to him is that he is aggravatingly and impossibly good. Goodness, however, has from time immemorial been the prerogative of heroes. Of late years, indeed, a fashion has arisen of clothing the chief person of a book in surpassingly bad, instead of marvellously good, attributes; of starting by drawing him in the likeness of the Devil, and then laying on as much black paint to him as can be obtained. This fashion, however, has prevailed in a class of book very different from Mr. Mac Donald's, and it is not one which we should wish to see followed. There is so much possible and real beauty in Malcolm's character that one is inclined to forgive him his preternatural piety. His devotion to Lady Florimel has in it something singularly touching, the more because she is utterly incapable of appreciating its worth. Its effect upon her is well described shortly after their first meeting:—

The humble devotion and absolute service of the youth, resembling that of a noble dog, however unlikely to move admiration in Lady Florimel's heart, could not fail to give her a quiet and welcome pleasure. He was an inferior who could be depended upon, and his worship was acceptable. Not a fear of his attentions becoming troublesome ever crossed her mind. The wider and more impassable the distinctions of rank, the more possible they make it for artificial minds to enter into simply human relations; the easier for the oneness of the race to assert itself, in the offering and acceptance of a devoted service. There is more of the genuine human in the relationship between some men and their servants, than between those men and their own sons.

What results from this devotion readers may be left to learn for themselves. It is rather hard upon them, however, that the fate of the principal characters should not be cleared up at the end of the book. And there is a savour of something unworthy of the author about the promise of another book with which this one is concluded.

## WILKINS'S GEORGICS.\*

THERE is perhaps nothing in classical verse which so much deserves to be made accessible and intelligible to all kinds of students as the *Georgics* of Virgil. The more advanced scholar is at this day not badly off with the interpretative work of Conington, to say nothing of Wagner and Forbiger, and the sometimes helpful recensions and prolegomena of Ribbeck. In the edition before us Mr. Wilkins aims at bringing within the range

\* *Malcolm*. By George Mac Donald, Author of "Robert Falconer," "Phantastes," &c. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

\* *The Georgics of Virgil*. By Henry Musgrave Wilkins, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co.

and apprehension of the middle forms in public schools—for which we agree with him in thinking Conington's notes "too elaborate and too dubitative"—a work more likely to arrest their interest than the Virgilian Epos, and one from which they may gain a better notion both of the structure and the material of highly wrought poetry. There is, however, another section of readers to be thought of, a section in which it would be not amiss if the young student generally could be included—we mean those who may be called "technical" readers, those who wish to study the Georgics by way of comparing the ancient processes of agriculture and horticulture with those of the present time. As Latin scholarship becomes more widely spread, this class is likely to increase, and some day we may expect to find many gardeners and agricultural foremen who, like some Scotch gardeners already, are capable of enjoying and profiting by a practical mastery of the Georgics. Inquiries as to the most serviceable edition for such a type of reader are often heard; and the pages of the *Garden* and the *Gardeners' Chronicle* give frequent evidence of a spirit of inquiry into the treatment of the "Farm and Fruit, Kine and Bees of Old," which points in the same direction. The now antiquated work of Martyn and the modern edition of the Georgics by Keightley come nearest to satisfying this want; but the former is not always to be picked up, and is moreover cumbersome, wordy, and "dubitative"; and the latter, though useful and suggestive in its agricultural and botanical matter, is less a book to use by itself than one which an editor or student of the Georgics should have beside him to refer to. It is rather a wonder that no Principal of an Agricultural College, or Professor of Botany or Geology, applies himself to the task of providing a modern edition of the Georgics, somewhat on the lines of Martyn. At present the class of students we have indicated simply get no satisfactory answer to the technical difficulties which strike them in the text, because our Virgilian editors are mostly without the special knowledge which would enable them to appreciate Virgil's details as to husbandry.

Mr. Wilkins lays no claim to have furnished this sort of information, and therefore cannot be blamed if the class of students for whom he designs his notes remain in the dark as to many interesting matters concerning fields, fruit, and beasts, which it might not be amiss for a liberally educated English youth to know. It becomes clear that wherever he touches on such matters he speaks at second-hand. *Apropos* of the phenomenon, in Georg. II. 30-1 (Quin et caudicibus—radix oleagina ligno), of the olive-roots sprouting from the sapless and separated stem which has been left a mere stump and perhaps devoted to timber uses, he cites a parallel from Pliny in the very words of Keightley, which Conington had quoted already. The difference between Mr. Wilkins and the late Professor of Latin is that the latter puts his citation in inverted commas, and refers it to Keightley by name; the former mentions no name, and leaves it in doubt whether he quotes Pliny at first hand, or, if not, whether he went to Conington or Keightley for his information. Elsewhere, in III. 170-1, in reference to the training of calves to step together in pairs and to draw first a light and then a heavy weight (III. 170-1)—

Atque illis jam sæpe rotæ ducantur inanes  
Per terram et summo vestigia pulvere signant—

he might have given the reasons of his departure from Conington's view, that "rotæ inanes" meant an empty cart. Simply observing "that 'rotæ inanes' are more probably wheels without a body than empty waggons," he does not give credit to our latest English translator of the Georgics, Mr. Blackmore, for the hint in his version, and its note, that the *rotæ inanes* are wheels unattached, by way of contrast to "juncti orbes," as thus:—

Now often let them drag unbodied wheels,  
And scarcely mark the dust with flitting heels;  
Soon must the beechen axle creak and strain,  
And pole of bronze draw well-compacted wain.

To the same clever translator, well up in all rural matters and terms, Mr. Wilkins owes the word "dredge" as an English equivalent for the "crassa farrago" of Varro, Horace, and Virgil (Georg. III. 205), a mixed crop of barley, oats, and vetches, sown on purpose for horses. The excuse for neglecting to acknowledge help is of course the brief and compendious nature of the annotatory matter, and it may be that Mr. Wilkins intended a casual acknowledgment in one passage to do duty for many omissions of the same obligation. But there ought at least to have been a mention of Mr. Blackmore in the preface.

Mr. Wilkins is reticent, if not silent, on many points of difficulty in the Georgics. An old and obvious "crux" is the statement in reference to grafting (II. 32-4):—

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus  
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala  
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna;

or, as Mr. Blackmore turns the latter part:—

On wild-pear stocks engrafted pippins come,  
And stony cornels blush upon the plum.

This passage is capped by another (vv. 69-72), which speaks of grafting walnuts on the arbutus, apples on the plane, chestnuts on the beech, and oaks upon the elm; but the modern creed of botanists and dendrologists is that the scion and the stock must be at least of the same natural family. We cannot, as the vulgar mind has been known to believe, graft roses on cabbage-stalks. It is somewhat disappointing to find Mr. Wilkins utterly ignoring the difficulty in both passages referred to, though Conington has seen

the incongruity of a fruit-bearer having a barren tree grafted on it, "an art" indeed by no means "mending nature." And yet, whichever way we take vv. 32-4, there is a difficulty as to the cornelian cherry, red already, reddening with plums that are not ruddier than its natural fruit. Turning to Martyn, we find him perplexed, and doubtful whether our experience and skill or our climate is at fault, in that we fail to achieve the marvels for which Columella, and not merely Virgil, who might be indulging in a poetic flight, vouches; whilst Miller's weighty authority pronounces such experiments to be veritably hollow, and does not hesitate to describe them as jugglers' tricks. The most light upon the subject is to be gathered perhaps from the 5th Lecture in Dr. Daubeny's *Roman Husbandry*, which cites the testimony of Pliny and of Palladius in his poem "De Insitione" on the same subject, and accumulates instances from antiquity of scions grafted on stocks altogether different. The late Professor of Botany pleads the analogy of the mistletoe deriving nourishment from the apple, the lime, and the oak, though he does so only doubtfully and tentatively; and is rather disposed to acquiesce in Miller's theory of a deception, such as the boring of the stock and the introduction of alien stems, through a hollow cylinder, into the soil beneath. If we have failed to illustrate the passage, we have at least made out a case for expecting that an editor of Virgil should not dismiss the subject with this sole crumb, "33. *insita, engrafted*." Again, at III. 51, &c., we think Mr. Wilkins, even in the interest of his middle-form readers, might have thrown more light from modern stock-farming upon the points of a cow; and at III. 79-80 upon those of a horse:—

Illius ardua cervix  
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesque terga,  
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.

Such is Virgil's graphic picture of a good steed—one, we suppose, which modern breeders would endorse. Why has Mr. Wilkins held his hand from noting the neat force of "argutum," which Conington impresses by reference to its root, or the *brevis alvus*, which Blackmore exactly realizes as "his barrel curtly drawn"?

In other than these purely agricultural or horticultural matters we have sometimes to complain of Mr. Wilkins's silence. In Georg. II. 123-4 he has no note on the curious observation of Virgil in reference to India:—

Ubi æra vincere summum  
Arboris haud ullæ jactu potuere sagittæ.  
No flight of arrows may surmount the breeze  
Which fans the summit of those Indian trees.

And yet we scarcely see how the allusion is to be understood unless by the help of such a remark as that of Conington, that "to 'overshoot the air at the top of the tree' is an apparent confusion between 'shooting through the air at the top of the tree,' and 'shooting over the tree.'" In a fuller commentary, a good deal of illustration from such writers as Hesiod might be brought to bear on the quaint and metaphorical expressions of the idea of distance in which the old-world poets indulged. Again, Mr. Wilkins takes no notice of a moot passage in the same book, where, in the lines—

Glarea ruris  
Vix humiles apibus casias roremque ministrat,  
Et tofus scaber, et nigris exesa chelydris  
Creta negant alios æque, &c. &c. (II. 212-16)—

it is at least an open question whether there should not be a full stop after "creta," so as to avoid the awkwardness of making "tofus" and "creta" nominatives to "negant." And again, in a curious passage about the liquors of the Troglodytes (III. 379-80), it is vexatious to find no more information vouchsafed about the description of their drink:—

Et pocula læti  
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis,

than the remark "*pocula vitea*, *h.e.* 'draughts of the vine,'" which we knew before. Blackmore translates:—

And blithely pass  
Ale and sour cider for the good wine-glass;

but we are not sure that the suggestion of Martyn, that "*fermento atque acidis sorbis*" is a hendiadys, and that the liquor referred to is a "cider" made of service-berries, and spoken of by Pliny and Palladius, is not worthy of acceptance. Anyhow, we should read "sorb-cider" instead of "sour cider."

On some difficult or doubtful passages Mr. Wilkins is more helpful. One of these is where Virgil counsels shutting up at home a horse which, however perfect of strain, is beginning to fail, and supports his advice by the words "*Nec turpi ignosce senectæ*." It seems that Servius connected "nec" with "turpi," *i.e.* "and forgive a not dishonourable old age;" and the poetical version which we have several times quoted seems to breathe something of the same spirit—namely:—

And pardon age that keenly feels disgrace.

But we have little doubt that Mr. Wilkins rightly takes the words to be equivalent to "*nec ignosce senectæ sere turpi vivæ*," or, as Conington explains, "Don't suffer him to disgrace himself in his old age." Mr. Wilkins has done good service, too, in recording that Forbiger in his fourth edition has adopted a transposition of Ribbeck's which, unlike most of his experiments in that way, deserves to carry weight. It is to place immediately after "senectæ," vv. 120-22, "*Quamvis soepe fugā versos ille*," &c. &c., and to refer *ille* to "senior" implied in "senectæ." It is a change for the better decidedly, and, as we find from Conington, it was anticipated by Warton, as it was also by Heath. Nor must



we withhold from Mr. Wilkins the credit of good hits, here and there, in different lines of annotation. At II. 97 he parallels Virgil's praise of the Chian wine (Rex ipse Phaneus), the kingly juice of Phane, a promontory of Chian, by a reference to the so-called three kings of Bordeaux—Latour, Lafite, and Margaux. There is a nice bit of verbal criticism where, in reference to G. II. vv. 343-5, and the necessity of spring to maintain young life between the extremities of heat and cold—

Nec res hunc teneris possent perferre labore  
Si non tanta quies iret frigusque caloremque  
Inter, et exciperet cœli indulgentia terras—

he fixes upon *exciperet* the sense of "relieving" as expressive of a change between one state and another. The parallel use in Livy, v. 42, is apposite. We hold him to be right, too, in company with Conington, in translating *Oscilla mollia*, in G. II. 389, "Images of pleasant mien," in the teeth of the plausible temptation to believe that *mollia* is *i.g. mobilia*, waving in the wind; as also in taking *enim*, in III. 70, "*Semper enim nefice*," to be illative and not emphatic, *i.e.* to bear the sense of *then* or *therefore*, and not, as in II. 509, *geminatur enim*, in *very deed*. Beyond this he seems to us to be judicious in his observations on Virgil's style and usages, as *e.g.* in II. 478, where he has a good criticism of the poet's manner of not owning his indebtedness to other poets by direct mention, and again at III. 345, where he notes the exaggeration of Virgil's favourite device of individualizing things by giving them by epithet the names of people or places famed for them. *Chaoniam glandem* and *pocula Acheloia* are lively and happy images, but it is wearing the usage to tatters to surround the remote Numidian hunter with Spartan hounds and Cretan quivers; "*Amyleumque canem Cressamque pharetram*." Annotation of this kind and variety in the Second and Third Books, as well as in those we have not touched on, will commend this edition, especially when re-edited, to the use of middle if not upper forms, but we should still require a more technical edition for a more practical class by a scholar with the insight of Mr. Blackmore or Mr. Holt Beever into ancient and modern farming.

#### TWO ENGLISH WORKS ON TACTICS.\*

CAPTAIN CLERY has placed on the title-page of his volume a maxim of Sir Charles Napier's implying that young officers on joining their regiments are more tempted to pleasure than to study, and may thereafter "find themselves compromised on service from want of knowledge, not of talent." And his work, which he tells us is issued specially for the convenience of those subalterns who have to pass an examination in the Sandhurst course without a previous residence at the College, embodies a course of lectures delivered by him to the students of that institution. It is a very bold undertaking indeed on the part of any officer, college professor or other, to attempt such a task just now, when the War Office has but a year before supplied the army with the admirable *Précis of Modern Tactics* prepared by Colonel Home, which is, as we pointed out when it appeared, not merely an exceptionally good volume of its kind, but probably the very best study of modern tactics, as a whole, to be at present met with in any language. It cannot be too highly commended for its substance and tone. And if the author of *Minor Tactics* hoped to substitute his treatise in its place with the younger officers of the service, we can anticipate nothing but disappointment for his effort; for what he offers here is neither attractive in form, nor valuable enough in its matter to give a high idea of the teaching within that College where Lord Cardwell and Lord Northbrook tried their brief and unfortunate experiment of putting the junior subalterns of our army from their regiments to school. The very title of the work seems to us a misnomer. For the reader will hardly expect to find a guide to minor tactics including not merely the details of such matters as outpost and reconnaissance duties, rear and advanced guards, and the like lesser operations of war, with chapters on the ordinary combinations of the various arms, but descriptions of great battles, such as those of Dennewitz, Nachod, and Borny. In fact, in attempting to go beyond his promise and to cover the whole subject of tactics, the writer has only contrived to make his volume cumbrous and crowded, without reaching any satisfactory result.

Captain Clery's method of treatment is indeed, in the abstract, simple and well chosen. A set of rules, as that on outposts for instance, is given; and then follow certain examples designed to illustrate them practically; but the work produced in endeavouring to carry out this idea, though obviously the author has approached it with much painstaking care, breaks down at every point because he is deficient in the critical judgment necessary for selection out of the mass of literature that has been perused by him in connexion with the questions he handles. His rules are the conventional rules of books. They have none of the life and reality of such an essay as that of Colonel Hanley which we lately (*Saturday Review*, March 14, 1875) noticed more briefly than it merited. They are the rules of the closet and of maps, instead of those furnished by practical soldiery and real work on the ground; and even if they can serve to interest the student in the subject, which we are disposed to doubt, they will hardly teach

him much of the realities of the active machinery of modern warfare. A chapter or two from Boguslawski or Scherff reproduced in an English dress would do this, in our view, far better; and the extracts which Colonel Home's *Précis* culls from the best Continental as well as English sources contain the very teaching which here is altogether wanting. As for the examples given, the indiscriminating use made of them as to date vitiates entirely their practical worth to the student of tactics as they now are. Illustrations drawn from the French revolutionary wars, from the early campaigns of Napoleon, even from the Peninsular struggle of our own army under Wellington, are thrown away in what is designed to be so merely an instructional work as this. They have their historical value of course; one may almost say of some of the examples adduced, they have their antiquarian interest. Moral teaching may be drawn from many of them just as clearly to-day as from any of the late actions in Bohemia or France which Captain Clery has thrown indiscriminately among them. But this is not the way in which tactics, as they now are, can be taught. We should tremble for the future of our army if its destinies were to be confided to officers who had no better training for the sharp realities of modern war than, for example, the fourteen pages of rules which we find here for carrying on outpost duties, many of them being far from practicable to follow under ordinary conditions, capped however by the very sensible remark, which upsets the whole of the author's scheme, "Such varying conditions affect the strength and composition of outposts that it is difficult to lay down on this head anything that would be invariable." If for "difficult" the author had written "impossible," and if he had set himself to the task of showing what is possible by examples better chosen and less overlaid with details than those he quotes for his authorities, he might have done some service. As the book now stands, it can be of but little value except as a piece of curious reading for those who would dip into the subject from mere love of general information. In fact, Captain Clery's vein seems to us to be plainly marked out for him by his work. Had he studied from the first to make his book what it has grown to be in his hands, a fragmentary series of examples of general interest from military history; had he abstained from all attempts (for where these are made it fails) to teach military students, strictly as such, the prominent parts of their profession in its technical aspect, he might have accomplished a useful work. As a handbook for teachers or learners of the subject named on its title-page, it cannot be of the practical service which the author desires.

General Shadwell has proposed to himself a more modest aim, and has attained a far more satisfactory result. He has been struck by the fact that there is no good account in our language of the memorable campaign of 1799, which had for its theatre the same mountains which are now the favourite playground of Europe. In telling its story in a critical narrative, he thinks his work may prove of use to the younger members of his profession, as well as of interest to tourists who pass over the sites made memorable by the struggles of Masséna, Lecourbe, and Suwaroff; and though we can hardly hope, as he appears to do, that mere "lovers of Switzerland and its mountains" will add this volume to their Bradshaw or Baedeker, we doubt not that many of the more intelligent of them will avail themselves of its pages to learn "how warfare was conducted on a large scale in a country so intersected and difficult." Moreover the main principles by which success was gained in 1799, or indeed in the campaign in the Valtelline a hundred and sixty years before—when, as the narrative appended shows, the Duke of Rohan successfully held two hostile armies in check with his single force of Frenchmen—are invariable and for all time. Minor tactics and their variations here sink into insignificance as compared with the simple secret of selecting an able personal leader, who with a genius for the bold offensive combines a clear knowledge of the right use of the ground. Centuries pass away, and find administrators who dabble in war, like the Directory of 1799, going back, as General Shadwell points out, to the old error, *Maitre des sources est maitre des bouches*, and seeking in the mountains of a broken country that strategical key which is never found but in the valleys and plains. It is important that no educated English soldier who may some day be brought into practical contact with the problem on our own Indian frontier should be under the influence of this false and exploded doctrine. And it would be quite his own fault if he were so after the perusal of the volume we are noticing.

General Shadwell deserves the further praise of having gone for his history to the very best authority, the admirable account of the campaign contained in the early numbers of the *Swiss Military Review*, and compiled under the guidance of General Dufour. That officer, if not exactly, as our author appears to suppose, the military head of the Swiss army in the sense in which we maintain a commander-in-chief (for the Federation knows no such officer in time of peace), earned his general's title by the only way open to his profession in Switzerland, the actual command-in-chief of troops called into the field; and he was ever a very earnest and clear-sighted student of the profession. His notes on the separate narrative of Suwaroff's passage of the Alps by one of the Russian staff, which General Shadwell has added to the history, as well as those on the Valtelline campaign of Rohan, which is also appended to complete the view of the subject, would of themselves suffice to prove his military knowledge and critical judgment, even had he not left many other scattered memorials of his activity in the same direction. Not the least important part of the book, however, is the chapter of General Shadwell's own Prefatory Remarks, which brings together in a readable form and moderate compass

\* *Minor Tactics*. By C. Clery, Captain 32nd Light Infantry, Professor of Tactics, Royal Military College, Sandhurst. London: Henry S. King & Co.

*Mountain Warfare, illustrated by the Campaign of 1799 in Switzerland*. By Major-General Shadwell, C.B. London: Henry S. King & Co.

nearly all that can be profitably said of mountain warfare as a distinct section of military art. There are good reasons, as already intimated, why this should have interest for every British officer of promise; and on theoretical grounds therefore this volume will be a welcome addition to our professional libraries.

Its higher interest, however, is from the historical, we might almost say the personal, point of view. Not that what the Archduke Charles and General Jomini have already treated of can be made altogether new. But their notices of this strange campaign among the Alps are so mixed up with those of other great events of the same year that it needs careful study to separate them. It is just this study that was given by General Dufour; and it is well that his masterly view of the whole struggle for the Oberland and Grisons should be rescued from the pages of an obscure review, and presented to English readers in a fair octavo volume, completed by the additions already mentioned. A study of General Shadwell's work will dissipate for ever from the reader's mind the false halo thrown by Alison's exaggerated praises round the rough old Russian marshal, who tumbled suddenly into the Alpine contest to tumble as suddenly again out of it, and will show its true hero in Lecourbe, "the leader of troops in the campaign who displayed the greatest genius for conducting warfare in the mountains, and under every circumstance showed himself equal to the occasion." What is here said of him in the Alps in 1799 would apply no less to his conduct and skill in the next summer, when on the Bavarian plains under Moreau. And it adds a fresh reflection on the littleness of mind which characterized Napoleon in all personal matters, that Lecourbe's strong attachment to his old chief was made a crime against him which forced him into exile, barred him from all favour with the First Consul, and thus probably deprived the French army throughout its later campaigns of one who, during his various commands, showed every attribute of brilliant courage and skilful leadership that ever made Frenchmen renowned in war. We are properly reminded here by our author, and we take the remark from him with pleasure in parting, that the Archduke Charles, not very fortunate himself in Switzerland, does not fail to do full justice to "the genius and remarkable capacity for war in mountainous regions" displayed by the most skilful of his adversaries in this confused struggle of 1799.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—IRELAND.\*

WE cannot affect to regret that the preface to the preceding volume of Irish State Papers was chiefly taken up with a description of the repositories where they are contained. Not only were we in entire ignorance of the nature and extent of these collections, but we have indirectly gained thus much by the arrangement, that the preface to the present volume takes us over the whole ground occupied by the papers analysed in both the volumes. We have thus presented to us in one view an important contribution to the history of Ireland for the first five years of the reign of James I., after the final submission of Tyrone to Elizabeth.

The editors have, we think, judiciously calculated on a considerable amount of ignorance on the part of their readers as regards the administration of English rule in Ireland, and have supplied a good deal of valuable information, both geographical and historical, which should be read in connexion with Mr. Brewer's preface to the last volume of the Carew Papers. Few English people know how limited a jurisdiction was really possessed by the English over Ireland at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The English Pale, as it was styled, consisted of what were called the four obedient counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth, and beyond these narrow limits the country exhibited a scene of confusion very difficult to realize even to persons most accustomed to the strange scenes still enacted in various parts of the sister island. These were four of the original twelve shires erected by King John in the first half-century after the conquest of the country by Henry II. Seven were in Leinster and five in Munster. But no attempt had been made to divide Ulster and Connaught in the same way till the third and fourth year of the reign of Philip and Mary. Connaught was divided under Elizabeth, and it was not till towards the close of the reign that Ulster was arranged in seven counties. But though the territorial dominion was completed, and in spite of the successive submission of Irish chiefs, the limits within which English authority was exercised were very narrow indeed. A State paper of the reign of Henry VIII. divides the "noble folke of Irelande" into three classes, designated "the King's subjects," "the English rebels," and "the Irish enemies." The latter were the most numerous, especially in Munster and Connaught, and the English rebels amounted to about half their number. And the Irish proverb quoted by Sir John Davys—namely, that those "dwell by west the law which dwell beyond the river Barrow"—represented the exact truth at the time when he wrote. It had long been contemplated to establish Presidents for the separate Provinces to act under the Lord Deputy, and several persons had successively occupied the post in Munster and Connaught during the latter part of

the reign of Elizabeth; but during all these years till the accession of James I., the editors observe that "it may truly be said that the duties of the governors were purely those of a general in an enemy's country." The records of the proceedings of these Presidents have been lost, but it is not to be wondered at if under these circumstances they acted as best they could, and to a considerable extent independently of the Lord-Deputy.

At the accession of James there appeared some hope of peace, as the submission of Tyrone was followed by that of other chiefs; but the setting up of the Mass all over the province of Munster soon undeceived the Lord-Deputy, who was obliged to set out against it and put it down. The lesson of toleration had not been learned yet, and indeed has been very partially learned even now; but it may be doubted whether toleration would at that day have served the purposes of the English Government. Yet the forcing Catholics to a Protestant service in the churches which had once been their own of course never had the faintest chance of success. Even those who could understand the language in which "Dearly beloved brethren" was written—and but few of them there were—would of course resent what they felt to be an injustice as well as an insult. And what possible chance was there of putting down a religion whose priests were reported to "swarm as locusts throughout the whole kingdom, being harboured and maintained by the noblemen and chief gentry of the country, but especially by the cities and walled towns, massing and frequenting all the superstitions of the people in their obstinate errors and their contempt of the religion of God and his Majesty's ecclesiastical law." For it must be remembered that this description applies not only to the remote parts of the country, but even to the English Pale itself, the numbers of Jesuits and seminary priests being reinforced by migration from England, from which they had been driven by proclamation. It is strange that the Bishop of Cork should describe the state of things in these words:—"An English minister must needs be beholden to the Irish; his neighbours love him not, especially his profession and doctrine, they being compelled to hear him" (p. 132)—and yet should be of opinion that the Roman Catholic religion could be extirpated. Their English rulers were utterly unable to understand that the Irish faith in Catholicism was quite a different kind of thing from their own adoption of a creed the principal item of which consisted in abhorrence of the Mass. Even the Bishop of Cork seemed to have an inkling of the truth, when, after describing the religious state of his diocese as follows, "Massing in every place, idolatry is publicly maintained, God's word and His truth is trodden down under foot, despised, railed at and contemned of all, the ministers not esteemed—no, not with them that should reverence and countenance them"—he adds a remark to the effect that the professors of the Gospel might take example, in this respect at least, from these idolaters.

The immigration of English Jesuits was a consequence of the Statute of the 27th of Elizabeth, which contained no reference whatever to Ireland; yet it was seriously contended that it applied to Ireland as well as England, and the President of Munster issued a proclamation accordingly. What else could be expected from a man who was fool enough to believe that the "Irish generally make no great conscience of any religion"? The effect of it may be judged from the following extract from a despatch written by Lord Thomond who governed the Province between Brouncker's death and the appointment of his successor:—

The continual recourse from beyond the seas and the continual access of priests and seminaries have so infected the towns, cities, lords, and lawyers of this province that it is very hard to bring them to conformity. They will neither respect his Majesty's proclamation or any direction that they give them. They have taken the best course herein that they might in placing some horse among them and appointing good officers, especially at Clonmel and Cashel, where most of the resort of the Jesuits and seminaries is, hoping by that means to have taken some of them; but all in vain, they are so befriended that hardly any of them can be apprehended.

The Lords of the Council and their English rulers in general were perfectly aware that the temporal authority could not be enforced unless they could persuade the people to renounce their religion. As they themselves expressed it, "If diligence be not used to plant knowledge and religion by preaching the Word, the temporal authority rather hardens the hearts than attracts them to conformity" (p. 137). Yet though, as they observed, nothing was further from his religious Majesty's heart than ever to yield to any toleration, the Irish authorities were counselled not to be too inquisitorial, and to beware how they exasperated those who carried themselves with pride and animosity. Especially the President of Munster was instructed to mitigate somewhat of his severity in proceeding against people, if he could do so without its being noticed as an acknowledgment of error on his part. In reply the Lord-Deputy states that a learned clergy is specially requisite for the towns of Waterford, Cork, and Galloway. But unfortunately a learned clergy is what the people of Ireland have had to do without from that day to this, though the scandals of the beginning of the seventeenth century have not been repeated at any rate to the same extent in the nineteenth.

From an information of the Archbishop of Dublin to the Privy Council it appears that, after having many times seriously admonished the Archbishop of Cashel, who held Emly, Lismore, and Waterford in *commendam*, he was enjoined by the Lord-Deputy to visit these and some other dioceses upon a representation of the foul disorders and abuses committed by that Archbishop in the government of his dioceses. The enumeration of the Archbishop's delinquencies extends over several pages. The greater part of them consist of allegations that the churches of the diocese are not served, and that the profits all find their way into the pockets of

\* *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland of the reign of James I., 1605-1608; preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office and elsewhere. Edited by the Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D., and John P. Prendergast, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.*



the Archbishop or one of his sons or other members of his family, simoniacal contracts having been in most cases entered into. Twelve livings were held by the Archbishop in person, and about as many by each of his four sons. And the account of Cashel and Emly is wound up with the following words:—

There be some other livings in these two dioceses of Cashel and Emly whereof some poor men, priests and others, carry the name, but they have little learning or sufficiency, and indeed are fitter to keep hogs than to serve in the Church. And I fear if the truth were known these are disposed as ill as the rest; it seeming strange unto me that in so civil a province, and in the compass of 40 miles (which is the length of these two dioceses, as I am informed) there is not one preacher or good minister to teach the subjects their duty towards God and his Majesty.

Sir John Davys informs Lord Salisbury that after all the infliction of 12d. for non-attendance at church in the county of Meath, the reformation wrought in this kind is principally effected by the civil magistrate, and that though the exemplary punishment of the Archbishop of Cashel "will add credit to religion," it were nevertheless to be wished that they who find great beams in his eye would also pull out the motes out of their own.

The editors of the volume have scarcely made any mention in their preface of the stirring events which are detailed in the correspondence of the latter half of it, extending nearly to the end of the year 1608. This was but natural. They have very properly considered that it was their business to enable students to read their volume with profit, but they have not gone out of their way to analyse documents which are in themselves easy to understand, and in fact tell their own tale. They might with great ease have lengthened their introduction considerably if they had in their own language told the exciting incidents connected with the flight of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and the escape of Lord Delvin from the castle of Dublin, by letting himself down the length of a rope of thirty-five yards, and his subsequent acquittal in spite of his being designated as "composed of the malice of the Nugents and the pride of the Geraldines" (p. 356). It would be a tempting story to any editor. Meanwhile we must refer our readers, if they would know what the volume reveals of his projects, his arrest, his escape, and the warrant for his pardon, to the index to this volume, where three columns are devoted to this name.

Not less interesting is the account of the rebellion of O'Dogherty, chieftain of Inishowen, and the seizure and recovery of the castle of Derry. By his death, which happened in the summer of 1608, quickly followed by that of Tyrconnel, which was reported in a letter from Venice of August 8, Tyrone's power was considerably weakened, and an easier way laid open to the arrangements for the colonizing of Ulster, the six northern counties for the most part being reckoned as having escheated to the Crown. For more particulars on this subject we may refer to our last article on Mr. Brewer's volume of Carew Papers, or to the fuller account given by Mr. Brewer himself in the preface to that interesting volume.

#### BLUEBELL.\*

WE do not think we are very exacting in our requirements, or that we hold an extravagantly high standard of excellence, when we say that we consider grammar an essential element of good writing. We say nothing of artistic treatment, nothing of a well-sustained dramatic plot, of pleasantness of circumstance, of delightfulness of character. These are points in the construction of a modern novel which that critic would be a bold man, not to say Utopian, who should demand as necessary in these days of feminine fluidity; but we take our stand on syntax, including in it about as much refinement of diction as we should expect from an upper-class servant. Hence we are unable to believe in the literary fitness of a writer who thinks that "whom I know would not be acceptable" will parse; who gives "*malheur de mer*" as French for sea-sickness, and a "*matutinal table-d'hôte*" as learned writing; who makes one of her real English ladies say, among other elegances, "I bet, 'Can this be—kid?' which choice bit of slang, we venture to assert, not half our readers will understand; and who bursts into her mother's room with the exclamation—"Where does this *rara avis* hail from? I never clapped eyes on such a beauty. Miss Seraphin is not a patch on her!" All the characters in the book talk in this strain; and a very neat pocket dictionary of slang might be constructed out of the author's familiar language. Arranging a dance is called "fixing up a prance." Coming to England is "crossing the herring-pond." Rivalry, admiration, and love are described under the terms of "the 'beauty' Captain of the battery cutting in, and making rather strong running too, partly because he considered her 'fetching,' and, partly, he said, 'from regard to Leigh, who was making an ass of himself.'" A well-educated girl wonders why a certain young man "goes soldiering on." Bluebell, if she does not say aloud, thinks "hugger-muggering with Bernard" a pretty way of describing flirting; boats are frequently "tittuppy"; men laugh in "guffaws" and "screech encouragement to their cattle"; when coals are thrown on to waning embers, they "respond with a cheerful fizz to the needed aliment"; gentlemen talk to ladies of the "tuck and tin" sent to them at school. And these are not characteristic expressions of certain people, but are specimens of description and conversation taken at random, some of which are

Mrs. Huddleston's own, and some put into the mouths of her people, and all of which are extracted indifferently as we turn over the pages.

The incidents of *Bluebell* are on a par with its style. One of the circumstances at which the reader is, we imagine, expected to laugh is that where Miss Prosody, a prudish governess, thinking a crazy buggy will be upset in crossing a still crazier bridge of planks, "whipped off her stockings, and proceeded to wade, to the exposure of a very attenuated pair of calves. Freddy and Lola hung upon Cecil, powerless with laughter, comparing her to the thin-legged aquatic birds in the Zoo; but the Colonel, with rather a suspicious guffaw, rushed to her aid, relieving her from her hose, and, as she afterwards recollected in deep confusion, a pair of knitted garters." Another incident is a game at hide-and-seek played by officers and young ladies, when Bertie Du Meresq, the Don Juan of the book, hides in a cupboard with a certain Crickey Palmer, a young lady he had never seen before, and whom he attempts to kiss. The manoeuvres of fast young ladies to have "a good time" alone with bold young men at a sleighing party also come in as the bricks out of which this temple of vulgarity has been built; a "to-boggining party" is described as rivaling the coarse humours of a Greenwich fair; and if *Bluebell* is to be accepted as a faithful picture of Canadian manners, the amount of romping, flirting, vulgarity, and kissing accepted as of the natural order of things in the Dominion is simply surprising, and to Englishwomen must be not a little revolting.

Of the story not much can be said, for the plot is very thin, and what there is of it is hackneyed. There is a silly, blundering young man of honest heart and honourable intentions who loves "Bluebell," otherwise Theodora Leigh, sincerely, and of course in vain. And there is a flirting young man, who makes love to all the girls he sees, kisses them indiscriminately all round, and holds on and off with Cecil Rolleston, the one he really likes best and eventually loves with the largest amount of truth granted him by the author, in a manner that argues very little self-respect on the part of the young lady, and less manliness on the part of Don Juan himself. He, indeed, is about one of the most contemptible characters we have met with for a long time; and the way in which he cajoles Bluebell, a mere child of seventeen, has an unpleasant flavour that suggests more than is set down. And there is the reckless, handsome young sailor, who marries Bluebell out of hand and secretly, and who turns out to be her cousin, unknown, and the designated heir of her old grandfather, Lord Bromley, who in years gone by had disinherited his son because of an imprudent marriage with a penniless nobody.

As for the girls, they match the men. Cecil Rolleston, who has the most character of the bery, might have had a great deal more with advantage. Her love for Bertie Du Meresq is too craven and wanting in dignity for the reader's sympathy and respect. When she offered him herself and her fortune it might have been thought that his refusal would have effectually cooled her ardour; and when she discovered again and again his infidelities and inconstancies we might have imagined that some flash of womanly pride would cure her of her infatuation. But she goes on yearning and loving and yielding just as before; and only parts from her unstable beloved at the end, on a misapprehension. Even when he is dead, and she is comfortably married to a worthy fellow who gives love for indifference and reality for hollowness, she laments her former lover so deeply as to devote a winter to hunting; and as "carelessness of life is certainly conducive to steadiness of nerve," she becomes noted in the county "for going with the most unflinching straightness," giving those who saw her the impression of wishing to break her neck. "She had a separate stud of hunters, and rode independently of her husband, who followed the amusement in a less erratic style than his wife, and in more moderation." But "Time's 'effacing finger' prepared the way, and since the birth of her only son Cecil's heart was vitalized by a second passion as strong, though different to, the first." In which happy and ungrammatical condition we see the last of the second heroine of *Bluebell*, the one who looked in the beginning as if she had something of a backbone to support her, but who turns out to be as molluscous as the rest, only with more appearance to start with. As for Bluebell herself, she is very little removed from a fool. Her very portrait promises nothing better than the persistent unredeemed folly of her career:—

A rather tall, full-formed young Hebe was Theodora Leigh, of that pure pink-and-white complexion that goes farther to make a beauty than even regularity of feature; her long, sleepy eyes were just the shade of the wild hyacinth; indeed, her English father always called her "Bluebell," after a flower that does not grow on Transatlantic soil.

But they were Irish eyes, "put in with a dirty finger," and varying with every mood. Gooseberry eyes may disguise more soul, but they get no credit for it. Humour seemed to dance in that soft, blue fire; poetry dreamed in their clear depths; love—but that we have not come to yet; they were more eloquent than her tongue, for she was neither witty nor wise, only rich in the exuberant life of seventeen, and as expectant of goodwill and innocent of knowledge of the world as a retriever puppy.

And her language is—we think we shall express it best by saying—according to the author's ideas of the normal language of a Canadian belle. "Shut up" is her mild method of expostulating with her aunt; "stuff," her answer to young Jack Vavasour's compliment; "Like them! it's just like a hearse, bar the colour, which is frightful, and I wouldn't have come if I had known I was to be driven in such a fire-engine," is her sympathetic response to this same Jack Vavasour, when he asks her if she likes the scarlet plumes with which he has decked his horses on the day

\* *Bluebell*. A Novel. By Mrs. G. C. Huddleston. 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

when the garrison sleigh club gives a *fête*, and takes out the young ladies of the place to upset, kiss, squeeze, and "spoon." Her conduct is of a piece with her manners. She suffers Bertie Du Meresq to make love to her in secret; meets him in secret; and carries on her deceptions with the skill of a veteran rather than with the innocence of the "child" she is assumed to be. Then, when she comes to England—"crosses the herring-pond" according to Mrs. Huddleston—she gets up a flirtation on board with Harry Dutton, a young sailor utterly unknown to her, and soon after she arrives at Liverpool consents to an elopement and a secret marriage. We think this is pretty well for a child of nature; and we confess that, for our own part, we should prefer our daughters to be rather more children of art, and by consequence more ladylike, less forward, and more trustworthy.

We confess that a book of the kind and quality of *Bluebell* has no charm for us. We grant that it is good-tempered and free from all strain of morbidness, but it is poor, shallow, vulgar, and inartistic. The story represents nothing but the fast and silly commonplaces of a knot of idle men and women who pass their time in flirting, and whose flirting goes to the very verge of impropriety. There are scenes in it of extraordinary coarseness, as in that "ejection" into the snow of the adventurous Miss Tremaine, at the garrison sleigh club party, when "her crinoline, rising as she descended, spread out under her arms, looking like an inverted umbrella":—

Jack and Bluebell were suffocating with laughter they vainly tried to hide, and Bertie, who was on foot, took in the situation at once, and rushed to the rescue.

"Put your arms round my neck, Miss Tremaine," cried he peremptorily. The poor girl, half crying with shame and cold, did so, and Du Meresq, grasping her firmly round the waist, endeavoured to drag her forth.

"It's even better she pulls him in," cried Jack, in a most unfeeling ecstasy, for Miss Tremaine was no pocket Venus—rather answered the Irishman's description of "an armful of joy."

The end of this charming scene is that Bertie and Lilla go off, but not to her own home for dry clothes as proposed. Instead of this they make a solitary *détour*, where they make love uninterruptedly; and the end of the whole chapter is that Bluebell is upset, when she and Jack Vavasour, the reins, the horses, the rugs, get rather "mixed," while she is nearly suffocated. Among so many subjects for reprehension it is difficult to single out the worst, but the extracts we have given will sufficiently show that Mrs. Huddleston can neither write English, nor paint a modest girl, a lady, or a gentleman, as we understand these terms in England.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**M.** SAINT MARC GIRARDIN\* is well known as one of the best representatives of the old Liberal school which, both at the Sorbonne and in journalism, maintained the high character of French wit and courtesy. Coming a little later than M. Guizot, M. Cousin, and M. Villemain, he continued with extraordinary brilliancy the traditions left by them, and his excellent *cours de littérature dramatique* showed how successfully an alliance can be made between common sense and talent of the most genuine kind. M. Saint Marc Girardin had the happiest way of exposing sophistry and denouncing shams. To the amazement of everybody, he managed to gain the assent of large and enthusiastic audiences whilst showing the hollowness of their favourite idols; and he even ventured to point out the numerous flaws in the character of that darling of "Young France," Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The lectures on Rousseau, subsequently received as articles for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, now form the substance of two elegant duodecimos printed under the superintendence of M. Ernest Bersot, member of the Institute, and one of M. Saint Marc Girardin's staunchest friends. We can only wish that every party chief in literature and politics found so impartial and trustworthy a critic as the late Sorbonne professor. M. Bersot's introductory notice is a touching and appreciative tribute to the memory of a distinguished man.

The preface which M. Littré has added to his new collection of essays† is stamped with a character of sadness which we much regret. He talks of bidding farewell to "a past which has no future." We hope that his sombre presentiments may prove groundless, and we would gladly accept this volume only as a fresh instalment of literary labours which have lost nothing of their vigour and their interest. M. Littré's essential qualities—method, solidity, and completeness—are conspicuous in every page of his new book. In this respect he is a striking contrast to most of his brother journalists, and the articles he contributes to the *Débats* are elaborate essays rather than sketches such as Jules Janin and Philartès Chasles would have delighted to produce. But it is in the *Journal des Savants* that he finds his natural home, and from it are borrowed most of the papers he has now collected. They are of an extremely varied character. History and poetry, erudition and the science of religion, have all contributed their share, and the English reader will no doubt be attracted by a long disquisition on Shakspeare's plays. The volume ends with a metrical translation of some of Schiller's lyrics, and a few original pieces.

M. Charles de Rémusat has already more than once turned his attention to English metaphysics, and his volumes on St. Anselm,

Lord Bacon, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury need only be named to revive in the minds of many students the memory of pleasant and profitable reading. These works appear to have formed part of a general history of philosophy contemplated by M. de Rémusat, but which is published now in detached fragments. The two volumes before us cover the period comprised between Bacon and Locke, the latter occupying the most prominent place, and receiving the largest share of attention.\* In order to grasp accurately the true character of English thought, it is necessary that we should know first the political history of the nation, the beginnings of its laws, its literature, and language. M. de Rémusat devotes to this subject a striking introductory chapter, in which he explains the relations which existed between philosophy (or rather metaphysics, as we should say here) and religion from the era of the Reformation to the eighteenth century. The figures of Robert Grossetête, Bradwardine, and Roger Bacon are the principal ones described by him, and his object is to show, that even up to the present time England has a decided bias towards empiricism in philosophy and Calvinism in religion. Theological and political characters occupy almost as much room in this gallery of portraits as metaphysicians properly so called, and we find Hooker, Chillingworth, Baxter, Isaac Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor noticed in nearly as much detail as Hobbes, Cudworth, and Newton. The fourth and concluding book is entirely devoted to Locke, in whom M. de Rémusat recognizes the best representative of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, the teacher of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Condillac.

M. André Albresey's work† may be regarded as the political programme of French Evangelical Protestants; it is an interesting volume, written with care, and distinguished by great moderation in the statement of principles. Many writers have during the last few years endeavoured to explain why our neighbours are still fruitlessly attempting to obtain the freedom enjoyed by certain nations of the old and the new world, and are continually oscillating between the rule of the mob and that of a Cæsar. In order to solve this problem, M. Albresey begins by discussing elementary principles, and defining the true nature of authority, liberty, reaction, and progress; he then shows how Germany, England, the Netherlands, and the United States of America have arrived at the possession of rational freedom, and he details the abortive attempts made by France in the same direction from the sixteenth century to our own times. His conclusion is that religious belief is the condition *sine quâ non* of the enjoyment of true liberty, because it alone gives us the key of political stability. The philosophers of the last century represented happiness as the end of life, whereas the accomplishment of duty alone ought to be the object of our efforts, mutual respect for one another's rights being the true principle of liberty. M. Albresey energetically denounces the pretensions of the Ultramontanist party, but he is equally severe against pretended Liberals who seek to destroy all belief in a positive religion as being an infringement of the rights of conscience.

The sixth volume of M. Merle d'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation in the time of Calvin" treats of Scotland and Switzerland, more especially Geneva‡; it begins with a retrospective view of the state of religion during the reign of James IV., and comes down to the death of Cardinal Beaton. The part relating to Switzerland is more developed; it shows us Calvin settled in Geneva and gradually establishing his severe rule in spite of opposition. The revolution which took place in 1538, the expulsion of the reformers and their arrival at Strasburg, are next related, and a whole chapter is taken up by Calvin's correspondence with Cardinal Sadolet. The reformer's marriage and the civil war of 1540 at Geneva conclude the volume. This octavo is a posthumous work; M. Merle d'Aubigné intended to complete the History of the Reformation in two more volumes, and he has left materials for the whole of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth; some competent person will, we trust, be found to finish the undertaking according to the author's original plan, so that the last portion may not have a fragmentary and disjointed character.

If we consider the intellectual history of Italy we shall find that the language and the literature of that country must be studied separately, because, although there still exist many spoken dialects which have contributed a large number of the words indispensable in everyday use, still the Tuscan idiom, and especially the variety spoken at Florence, has prevailed and is becoming the national language of Italy. For this reason M. Etienne has in his new work§ left the philological element unnoticed, giving to the history of the Italian language merely an introductory chapter, and a few separate remarks whenever necessary. The great merit of his book is that it is entirely original; the author, instead of following in the track of Ginguené, Timboschi, Corniani, and Mazzuchelli, has studied independently the writers whose works he analyses, and twenty years of researches throughout the rich domain of Italian literature, combined with numerous visits to the country itself, have eminently qualified him for his task. The idea of unity is the leading one in M. Etienne's book; already proclaimed by Dante, it was neglected by Petrarch and Boccaccio, but the writings of Lorenzo de' Medici, and still more those of

\* *Histoire de la philosophie en Angleterre, depuis Bacon jusqu'à Locke.* Par Charles de Rémusat. Paris: Didier.

† *Comment les peuples deviennent libres.* Par André Albresey. Paris: Sandoz & Fischbacher.

‡ *Histoire de la Réformation en Europe au temps de Calvin.* Par J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. Vol. 5. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Histoire de la Littérature italienne.* Par L. Etienne. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

\* *Jean-Jacques Rousseau, sa vie et ses ouvrages.* Par M. Saint Marc Girardin, avec une introduction par M. Bersot. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Littérature et histoire.* Par E. Littré. Paris: Didier.



Machiavelli, brought it forth distinctly. Guicciardini was tempted to discuss the advantages of a united Italy, and the historians favourable to the rule of the Medici, Ammirato especially, opposed it in no measured terms. From Florence the idea passed to Turin, where it found refuge at the court of sovereigns who, as early as the commencement of the seventeenth century, had cherished the hope of founding a kingdom of Northern Italy; and the Piedmontese publicist Botero went so far as to advocate forcible conquest as the best means of bringing about this result. His notion, however, had few supporters, and even the unity of the language seemed in danger, the local dialects or *patois* having received an unexpected amount of favour. A reaction set in during the epoch of the "Encyclopédie," and the events of the French Revolution tended to bind together the different States of the Italian peninsula, producing a movement similar to that which has lately taken place in Germany.

M. Montégut's amusing excursions through France\* may be heartily recommended to our readers. We have formerly noticed his journey to Burgundy; he now takes us to Bourbonnais and Forez, introducing, as opportunity offers, characteristic descriptions of persons or places conspicuous in the political or literary history of France. Thus Vichy naturally brings with it the name of Mme. de Sévigné, who spent there part of the summers of 1676 and 1677. M. Montégut thinks that, if there ever was a person who could truly be called happy, it was Mme. de Sévigné, who unconsciously obtained a place in the foremost rank of France's greatest writers, and arrived at immortality without thinking of it. From the delightful Marchioness to Honoré d'Urfé the transition may seem a little abrupt; but travellers must not be particular, and when we see the *Astrée* becoming immediately after its publication the popular novel of the day, we are inclined to think that Fame is as blind a goddess as Fortune. M. Montégut remarks that even M. Offenbach's *Orphée aux enfers* has not created greater enthusiasm than D'Urfé's pastoral novel, and, strange though it may seem, for two whole centuries its reputation stood unimpaired. We are told that a society of German lords and ladies even applied themselves to reproduce in real life the adventures described in it, just as some enthusiasts, frantic about Balzac, tried to realize some years ago the experience of Rastignac, Delphine de Nucingen, and Mme. de Mortsauf. M. Montégut admires *L'astrée*, and calls it "an almost great book." We can only say, *De gustibus, &c.*

M. Didot's bulky monograph on Aldus Manutius† is a valuable contribution to the history of the Renaissance movement. After a brief survey of Greek literature, which the learned author calls the intellectual progenitor of the Western world, we have an account of the vicissitudes of Hellenism from the disruption of the Roman Empire to the fifteenth century. England, and more particularly Ireland, encouraged at a very early period the study of Greek, and it was from these two countries that Charlemagne borrowed professors and lecturers for his schools. M. Didot holds that the growth of the Pontifical power was fatal to Hellenism, and that the great Eastern schism struck the death-blow to real scholarship. As we get nearer the epoch of the revival, the details supplied by our author are more precise and more numerous; a list of the celebrated persons who took part in the movement is given, with chronological and bibliographical references; and thus step by step we are led to the central portion of the book—the life of Aldus himself. This is followed by a copious appendix containing, amongst other noteworthy things, a number of letters in Greek (together with a French translation), addressed to the illustrious printer, chiefly by Musurus, by his father-in-law Gregoropoulos, and other members of his family. These documents, belonging to M. Didot's private collection, have never before been published; they were brought to France from Venice by the late M. Renouard, who, it may be remembered, composed an elaborate history of the three Manutii. The volume is illustrated with portraits and facsimiles, and completed by an excellent analytical index.

The third part of M. Jules Favre's History of the National Defence Government is now before us‡, including a narrative of the events coming between the armistice with the Prussians and the taking of Paris by the Versailles troops against the Commune. We shall not follow the author through the details of occurrences with which we are but too familiar, and which a host of publications have described over and over again. There is one point, however, which deserves a few words of notice. M. Jules Favre in his first chapter traces the misfortune of his country and the disasters of the Prussian war to the system of despotism which France had unwisely adopted, and to the moral degradation brought about by the Empire. We quite agree with him in this; but whose fault was it that the Napoleonic régime was so readily welcomed and so promptly established? It was simply due to the disorganization of the Republican party at the time of the *coup d'état*, and the terror inspired by the ever-growing energy of Radicalism. The President of the Republic merely took advantage of those bickerings and petty quarrels which unfortunately helped to split up the Liberal majority just when unity of action was most desirable. M. Favre's concluding chapter is a kind of profession of faith, or political programme for

the France of the future. Liberty, respect for the law, a system of taxation graduated according to the means of the persons taxed, instruction and education developed as much as possible, arbitration adopted in cases of strikes—such are the plausible features of a scheme which ostensibly keeps aloof equally from the *ancien régime* and from extreme theories.

M. Jules Favre's idea is, after all, a kind of compromise. M. de Pontmartin, the critic of the *Correspondant*, the rival of M. Sainte-Beuve, prefers well-defined situations, and no one will persuade him that a moderate or Conservative Republic is possible in France. See his article on M. Thoreau-Dangin's *Essais historiques* in the eleventh volume of the *Nouveaux Samedis*\*, a volume which contains a series of criticisms, often extremely just, on the productions of the day. M. Jules Janin, M. Nisard, the author of *Volupté* himself, sit for their portraits to M. de Pontmartin, and are estimated with considerable fairness.

M. Jacquinet† has spent a good deal of time in a library, and the notes he jots down there on a few favourite books are well worth perusing. His thoughts are condensed into short paragraphs; sometimes he is satisfied with giving a striking quotation and leaving the reader to meditate upon some political, social, or literary truth tersely worded. Amongst other remarks is one relating to the expression so often employed in common conversation—*un honnête homme*: there are certainly very few epithets so indiscriminately used as *honnête*, and the meaning given to it may be regarded as a pretty accurate test of the morality prevailing amongst the society which uses it.

M. Simonin's travels to the United States‡ were the result of a mission entrusted to him by the French Government; we must not, therefore, expect from him imaginative pictures, amusing anecdotes, and details of a dramatic kind such as those, for instance, with which Baron de Wogan entertains us. He is very strong on mines, railways, and commercial enterprise; but those subjects were precisely what he had to discuss, and we must say that he has performed his task in a creditable manner. In America, as M. Simonin remarks, changes are of such frequent occurrence, and of so sweeping a nature, that yesterday leaves no traces behind it, and to-morrow makes us forget to-day. It is the more necessary, therefore, that the traveller should note down his observations with some minuteness, because they are likely to be the only evidence of a phase of civilization which, in the course of a few months perhaps, will have disappeared for ever. The country and the colony of the Mormons, the Nevada silver mines, and the present condition of California, have supplied our author with some of his most interesting chapters; and the two concluding parts, relating to the immigrants and the Redskin Indians, show us the struggle between European civilization and the last remains of those unfortunate tribes who inspired M. de Chateaubriand with his richest descriptions of character and scenery.

With M. Thomas-Anquetil § we are invited to sports on a large scale such as tropical climates alone can boast of; the elephant is the hero of the volume, and around him the wild buffalo, the crocodile, and the cobra-capello move harmoniously together. Unfortunately our author, though extremely popular with general readers on account of the stirring episodes in which he delights, appears to have been snubbed both by Orientalists and by the French Minister of Marine, and he is rather offended in consequence. M. Foncaux accuses him of knowing nothing about Buddhism; thereupon he replies by an attack directed not only against M. Foncaux, but against his wife—an attack which we cannot help thinking in very bad taste. If M. de Chasseloup-Laubat, who for a short season ruled over the destinies of the French colonies, had only listened to M. Thomas-Anquetil, what an amount of mischief might have been prevented! First and foremost, the Machiavellic designs of "perfidious Albion" in China and the extreme East would have received their death-blow; for, incredible as it may appear to some persons, England is quite as wicked, politically speaking, in these modern times as in the days of "Pitt and Coburg." M. Thomas-Anquetil's warnings, we are sorry to say, proved quite ineffectual, for no one will listen to him. These recriminations form the subject of an appendix, entitled *observations critiques*, which terminates his amusing volume.

The lecture on Count Cavour published by M. Fontanès was originally to have been delivered to the members of an educational society at Rouen ||; the authorities, however, dreading an address which must necessarily touch upon politics, would not allow it to be given, and it is now published in the shape of a pamphlet. We can perfectly understand the motive which influenced the authorities. The question of a free Church in a free State is one of the topics indissolubly connected with Cavour's name; and the present aspect of religious matters on the other side of the Channel is such that the smallest allusion to it would create endless controversies, and call forth innumerable protests.

Numerous as are the books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles which have been lately published on the subject of education, we doubt whether many writers could be named who have in a small

\* *Nouveaux Samedis*. 11<sup>e</sup> série. Par M. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

† *Livre de lectures, ou fragments d'études sur l'homme et la société*. Par M. Jacquinet. Paris: Didier.

‡ *A travers les États-Unis*. Par L. Simonin. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Aventures et chasses dans l'extrême Orient*. Par M. Thomas-Anquetil. 2<sup>e</sup> partie. Paris: Charpentier.

|| *Cavour: conférence*. Par Ernest Fontanès. Paris: Sandos & Fischbacher.

\* *En Bourbonnais et en Forez*. Par Émile Montégut. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Alde Manuce, et l'Hellénisme à Venise*. Par Ambroise-Firmin Didot. Paris: Didot.

‡ *Gouvernement de la défense nationale*. Par M. Jules Favre. Vol. 3. Paris: Plon.

compass given more proof of good sense than M. Tallichet\*; the article he has devoted to education in the last number of the *Bibliothèque universelle* is one of the most remarkable of a series which we hope will be reprinted as a distinct volume. Whilst we are speaking of this periodical, let us mention likewise M. Assezat's paper on heredity, and the discourse on political liberty by M. Secrétan. Another laudable feature of the *Bibliothèque universelle* is the blameless character of its novels. Readers who admire what is called M. Zola's "powerful style" will of course be inclined to think that M. Louis Favre's *Pinson des colombettes* is rather "slow," so thoroughly are modern Parisians accustomed to scenes borrowed from the gutters, and to characters familiar with every abomination.

M. Charles Deulin's writings form a happy exception to this rule, and his new volume is in every respect equal in point of merit to the *Contes d'un buveur de bière*.† The manners and social physiognomy of country towns have already been portrayed by many a French novelist, the two most recent being Balzac and Champfleury; and it might seem dangerous for a comparative novice to challenge a parallel with the author of *La grenadière* and the realistic painter to whom we owe *Les oies de Noël*. M. Deulin, however, leaves us nothing to regret except that his sketches are on so small a scale. They remind us of M. Meissonnier's pictures, and the amusing description they give of Flemish life opens before us a world with which very few people are acquainted.

The few English readers who care for French poetry should make the acquaintance of M. François Coppée‡; his lyrics and his plays are characterized by a great deal of imagination, and are written in an easy, agreeable style. The thirty or forty pieces reprinted from his "red note-book" are a good specimen of his talent.

\* *Revue suisse et Bibliothèque universelle*. Avril 1875. Lausanne: Bridel.

† *Histoires de petite ville*. Par Charles Deulin. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Le cahier rouge*. Par François Coppée. Paris: Lemerre.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 6d., or \$7 50 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

#### PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

#### CONTENTS OF No. 1,018, MAY 1, 1875:

The Baroda Proclamation. Scotch Legislation.  
Strangers in the House of Commons. The Irish Coercion Bill.  
M. Gambetta at Belleville. The Welsh Miners. A Bust Bubble. M. Chevalier's Progress.  
The Centenary Nuisance.  
Philosophy of the Skating Rink. Pharaoh and Gallio.  
The Masonic Festival. Prospects of Ultramontaniam in France.  
A Military Harbour on the North-East Coast. Our Horses.  
The Royal Academy—I. The Two Thousand Guineas.

Geikie's Life of Murchison.

The English Tongue in India. Burke's Passage.  
Malcolm. Wilkins's Georgics. Two English Works on Tactics.  
Calendar of State Papers.—Ireland. Bluebell.  
French Literature.

#### CONTENTS OF No. 1,017, APRIL 24, 1875:

Germany—The Budget and the Debt—The Irish Debate—The Coming Elections in France—Landlord and Tenant—Army Recruiting—The Government of London—The Burials Bill—Sanitary Legislation.  
Life at High Pressure—The Late Eclipse—Bristol and the Welsh Border—A Fool's Paradise—Cardinal Rauscher and the Old Catholics—The Committee on Foreign Loans—Ballooning—French Plays—Racing at Newmarket and Epsom.  
Henry Brinklow's Complaint—Dobell's Poems—Kugler's Handbook of Italian Painting—A Walk in the Grisons—Fruit between the Leaves—Marshall's Horace—Two Kisses—American Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MADAME MONTIGNY-REMAURY.—This Eminent PIANIST, from Paris, will make her debut at the MUSICAL UNION, Tuesday, May 11.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRETORIUM," with "Descent of Filate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vierge," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 30 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the Continental Schools, is NOW OPEN, from Half-past Nine till Six.

SNOWDON in WINTER; Sunrise.—EXHIBITION of WORKS by ELIAH WALTON, including the above fine Picture and many New Large ALPINE, EASTERN, and other subjects. Burlington Gallery, 181 Piccadilly. Admission and Catalogue, 1s. Ten to Six.

ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS LENT TO COPY and FOR SALE. Sent to any part of the Country. Catalogue and Terms by post, Three Stamps.—W. ROYCE, 30 George Street, Portman Square, W. Hours Ten to Five; Saturday Ten to Twelve.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place, at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 20.

The Right Hon. Lord CARLINGFORD in the Chair.

The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.

10 John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

#### BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE SEVENTIETH GENERAL MEETING of this SOCIETY will be held on Monday, May 18, 1875, in the Large Room, Borough Road. The Chair will be taken by the Right Honourable the Earl RUSSELL, K.G., at Twelve o'clock.

Tickets may be obtained by application at the Society's House, Borough Road.

ALFRED BOURNE, Secretary.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight, £20; Four, £25. Election, Second Week in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS.—TEN or more will be open for Competition at Midsummer next, value £25 to £20 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in the case of scholars who require it.—Further particulars may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

FETTES COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS. Four of £40 per annum. Competition in July.—Apply for particulars to HEAD-MASTER, Fettes College, Edinburgh.

## BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

President.—The Earl of CHICHESTER, Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex.

Chairman of the Council.—The Rev. J. H. NORTH, M.A.

Principal.—The Rev. CHARLES BIGG, M.A., late Senior Student and Tutor of Christ's Church, Oxford.

Vice-Principal.—The Rev. JOSEPH NEWTON, M.A.

Brighton College offers a liberal education for the Sons of Noblemen and Gentlemen.

There are Two Divisions, the Classical and the Modern.

There is a good Laboratory and a well-fitted Carpenter's Shop.

The College is situated in the healthiest part of Brighton, the school-rooms are large and well ventilated, and there is an excellent playground. The climate is peculiarly favourable to Boys of delicate constitution.

The College is endowed with fifteen Scholarships, some tenable during the Pupils' College career, others tenable at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Next Term commences on May 4, 1875.

Terms for Boarders, 80 to 90 Guineas per annum, according to age, or for the Sons of Clergymen, 60 to 70 Guineas. For Non-boarders, £25 10s. to £31 10s. per annum.

For further particulars address the SECRETARY.

## INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—The following are the SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES at the recent Open Competition for the Civil Service of India:—

No. in Order of Merit.	Name.	Total of Marks.
1	Hill, Michael John Muller	1,535
2	Hewitt, John Prescott	1,506
3	Brodie, Vernon Alexander	1,441
4	Darrish, Henry Zouch	1,525
5	Harris, Robert Linton	1,516
6	Reynolds, Herbert William Ward	1,465
7	Jayley, Charles Stuart	1,446
8	Adams, Harvey	1,571
9	Kensington, Alfred	1,503
10	Macleod, Frederick Henry	1,520
11	Wheeler, Percy Cottrell	1,528
12	Vere, Aubrey Foster	1,505
13	Walker, George Casson	1,521
14	Grant, John Andrew	1,522
15	Kennedy, Robert Mulrhead	1,572
16	Hamblin, Richard Elab	1,505
17	Mande, Henry	1,520
18	White, Herbert Thirkald	1,527
19	Gill, John Edward	1,544
20	Morrison, Edward Currie	1,529
21	Youngblood, Arthur Delaval	1,524
22	Holmes, William Cuthbert	1,517
23	Hamrick, Murray	1,501
24	Macpherson, William Charles	1,512
25	Joseph, Hugh Goss	1,575
26	Russell, Samuel	1,570
27	Barrow, Oscar Theodore	1,515
28	Harris, Edward Branson	1,545
29	Fraser, Robert Watson	1,515
30	Wolfe-Murray, Francis D'Arcy Osborne	1,515
31	Douglas, Sholto James	1,515
32	Dumergue, John Willoughby Francis	1,515
33	Cox, Harry	1,515
34	Campbell, Duncan John Alfred	1,515
35	Lyon, George Kenneth	1,515
36	Vaughan, Thomas Edward	1,575
37	Jenkins, Thomas Lowten Layton	1,575

\* Pupils of Mr. WREN, of 3 Fowls Square, W., who prepares Resident and Non-Resident Pupils for L. C. S. Address till June 8, Graceley Court, near Reading.

PUPILS prepared for the UNIVERSITIES, ARMY, PUBLIC SCHOOLS, &c., by an OXFORD GRADUATE (Marlburian) who gained High Classical Honours as Open Scholar of his College. Rectory lately enlarged. Soil dry and healthy. Station in Village.—Address, Rev. W. EMRA, Great Blakenham, Ipswich.